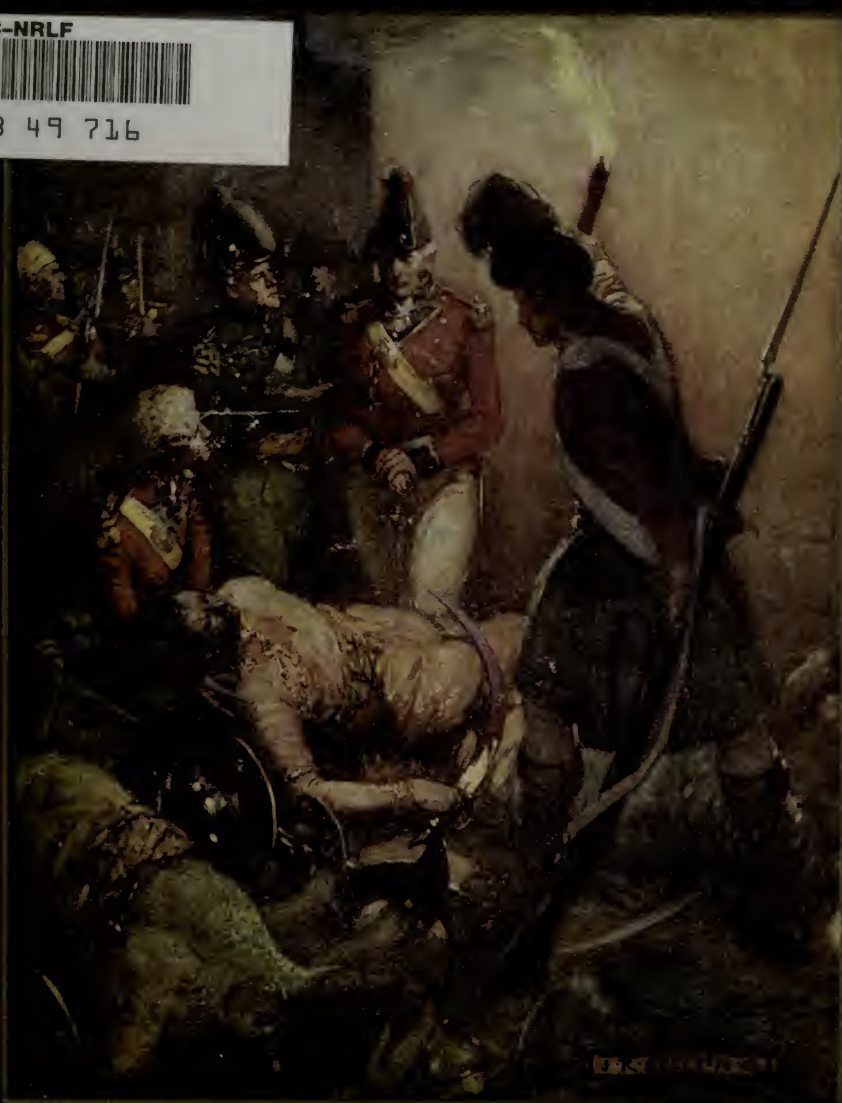


# INDIA'S STORY

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'SIR THOMAS STOOD BEFORE THE MOGUL'

'OUR EMPIRE STORY' SERIES

# INDIA'S STORY

TOLD TO BOYS AND GIRLS BY

H. E. MARSHALL

AUTHOR OF

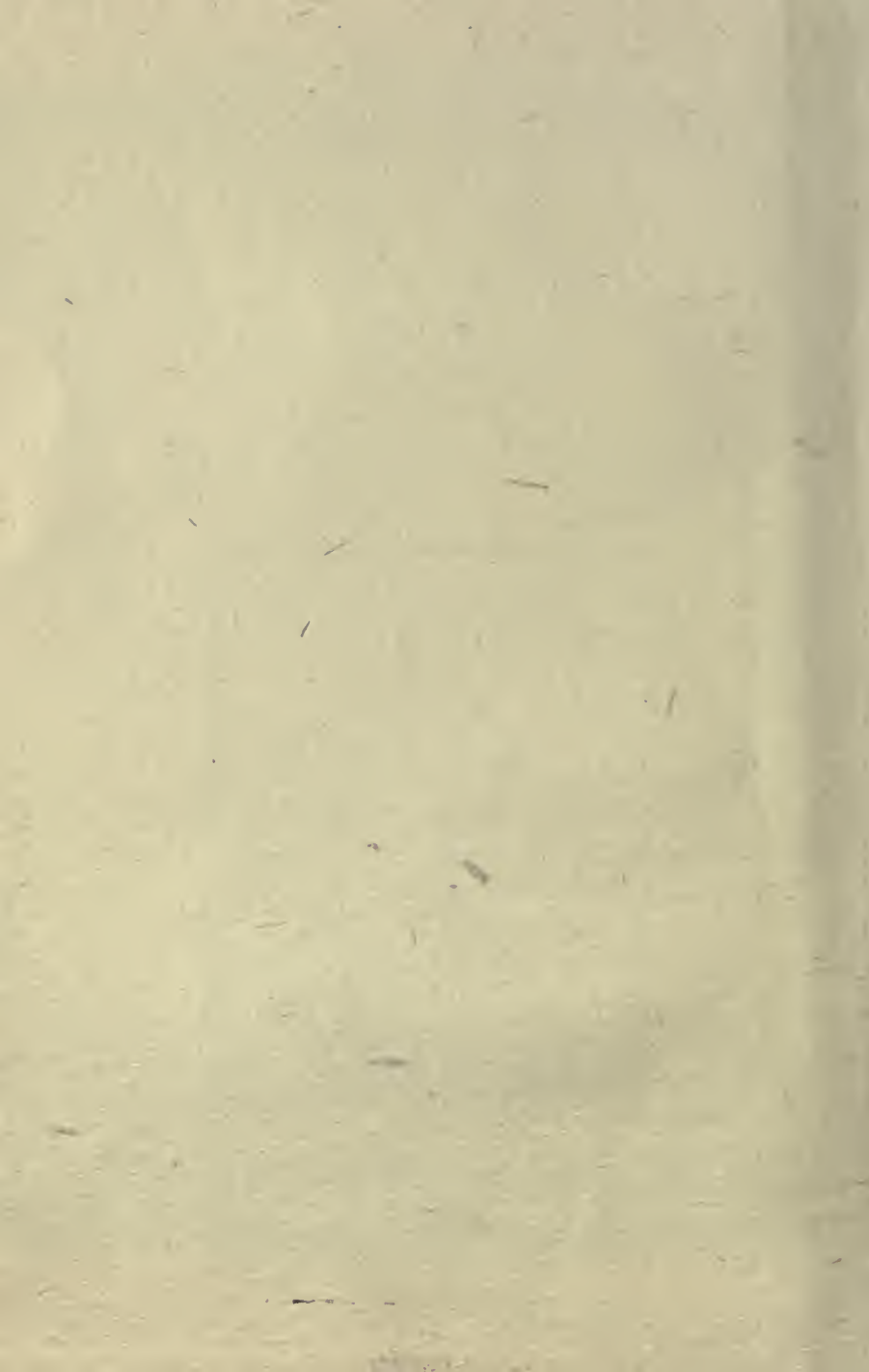
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# INDIA

English Miles  
0 50 100 150 200 250 300 350 400 450 500 550 600 650 700 750 800 850 900 950 1000

Native States under British Control thus  
Independent Native States



# INDIA'S STORY

## CHAPTER I

### ALEXANDER THE GREAT INVADES INDIA

UNLIKE the other countries of Greater Britain, India is no new-discovered land. At a time when our little island was still unknown, still lost in the cold grey mists of the ocean, ships sailed from India's sunny shores, and caravans wound through the sandy deserts laden with silks and muslins, with gold and jewels and spices.

For through long ages India has been a place of trade. The splendours of King Solomon came from out the East. He must have traded with India when he built great ships and sent 'his shipmen that had knowledge of the sea' to sail to the far land of Ophir, which perhaps may have been in Africa or equally perhaps the island of Ceylon. From there these shipmen fetched such 'great plenty' of gold and precious stones, that 'silver was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon.'

The court, too, of many an ancient heathen king and queen was made rich and beautiful by the treasures of the East. Yet little was known of the land of gold and spice, of gems and peacocks. For beside the merchants, who grew rich with their traffickings, few journeyed to India.

But at length, in 327 B.C., the great Greek conqueror Alexander found his way there. Having subdued Syria,



Egypt, and Persia, he next marched to invade the unknown land of gold.

The part of India which Alexander invaded is called the Punjab, or land of the five rivers. At that time it was ruled by a king called Porus. He was overlord of the Punjab, and under him were many other princes. Some of these princes were ready to rebel against Porus, and they welcomed Alexander gladly. But Porus gathered a great army and came marching against the Greek invader.

On one side of a wide river lay the Greeks, on the other side lay the Indians. It seemed impossible for either to cross. But in the darkness of a stormy night Alexander and his men passed over, wading part of the way breast high.

A great battle was fought. For the first time the Greeks met elephants in war. The huge beasts were very terrible to look upon. Their awful trumpetings made the Greek horses shiver and tremble. But Alexander's soldiers were far better drilled and far stronger than the Indians. His horsemen charged the elephants in flank, and they, stung to madness by the Greek darts, turned to flee, trampling many of the soldiers of Porus to death in their fright. The Indian war-chariots stuck fast in the mud. Porus himself was wounded. At length he yielded to the conqueror.

But now that Porus was defeated Alexander was gracious to him, and treated him as one great king and warrior should treat another. Henceforth they became friends.

As Alexander marched through India he fought battles, built altars, and founded cities. One city he called Boukephala in honour of his favourite horse Bucephalus, which died and was buried there. Other

cities he called *Alexandreia* in honour of his own name.

As they journeyed, Alexander and his soldiers saw many new and strange sights. They passed through boundless forests of mighty trees beneath whose branches roosted flocks of wild peacocks. They saw serpents, glittering with golden scales, glide swiftly through the underwood. They stared in wonder at fearful combats of beasts, and told strange stories when they returned home, of dogs that were not afraid to fight with lions, and of ants that dug for gold.

At length Alexander reached the city of Lahore and marched on to the banks of the river Sutlej beyond. He was eager to reach the holy river Ganges and conquer the people there. But his men had grown weary of the hardships of the way, weary of fighting under the burning suns or torrent rains of India, and they begged him to go no further. So, greatly against his will, Alexander turned back.

The Greeks did not return as they had come. They sailed down the rivers Jhelum and Indus. And so little was known of India in those days, that they believed at first that they were upon the Nile and that they would return home by way of Egypt. But they soon discovered their mistake, and after long journeyings reached Macedonia again.

It was only the north of India through which Alexander had marched. He had not really conquered the people, although he left Greek garrisons and Greek rulers behind him, and when he died the people quickly revolted against the rule of Macedonia. So all trace of Alexander and his conquests soon disappeared from India. His altars have vanished and the names of the cities which he founded have been changed. But

for long ages the deeds of the great 'Secunder,' as they called him, lived in the memory of the Indians.

And it is since the time of Alexander that the people of the West have known something of the wonderful land in the East with which they had traded through many centuries.



## CHAPTER II

### HOW BRAVE MEN WENT SAILING UPON UNKNOWN SEAS

CENTURIES passed. India suffered many changes. It was overrun and conquered by Mohammedans and Turks. Its temples were destroyed, its people slain or carried away captive.

But through all the changes, through battle and war, revolt and massacre, the trade of India continued, and merchants vied with each other for the possession of it. Nearly all of it, however, was in the hands of Arabs and Moors, and, except for the merchants of Venice, few Christians had a share in it. The Moors brought the goods from India in their ships to Suez. There camels were laden, and by them the merchandise was carried through Egypt to Alexandria. And at Alexandria the Venetian merchants took it in their ships to the ports of the Mediterranean.

The old trade-routes to India and the East were by the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. These being in the hands of heathen peoples, Christian sailors and adventurers turned their thoughts ever more and more to the finding of a new way to the East.

In the fifteenth century the Portuguese were a great and powerful people. Among the bold adventurers who sailed the unknown seas their sailors were the most daring. And one of their greatest sailors and explorers was Prince Henry the Navigator, the fifth son of King

John I. He did much to make his country great in trade, and was called the 'Father of Discovery.'

Prince Henry sent out many expeditions, and although the new way to India was not discovered, many new lands and islands were, and were added to Portugal. The Pope, too, who was very powerful in those days, issued a Bull, as it was called, saying that all lands and islands which might be discovered between Cape Bojador on the west coast of Africa and the shores of India should belong to Portugal for ever.

After Prince Henry died, the people of Portugal still eagerly sought for the new way to India. But for many a long year they sought in vain. It was in 1486 that a sailor called Bartholomew Diaz set out. Southward and southward he sailed down the coast of Africa until, driven by storms, he and his sailors lost sight of land. For thirteen days they sailed they knew not whither, battered by wind and waves, fleeing with furled sails before the storm. At length the sea grew calm again, the wind sank. Then Diaz turned eastward, hoping soon to come in sight of the coast of Africa, from which he had been driven.

For many days he sailed along and saw no land. So he turned northward, and at length came in sight of what is now known as Flesh Bay.

Without knowing it Diaz had rounded the Cape of Good Hope. He had passed it so far to the south as to be out of sight of land. The adventurous sailor still sailed on, not knowing where he was, for now land lay west of him instead of east. After many days he reached the mouth of a great river. It is now known as the Great Fish River. Here he was obliged to turn back, for his sailors, fearful of the unknown regions into which they were drifting, were unwilling to go further.

Once again the Cape was safely rounded, and Diaz, mindful of the dangers through which he had passed there, called it the Cape of Storms.

But when they at length reached home and King John II. heard the tale, he named it the Cape of Good Hope, for now he had good hope that the long-looked-for road to India was indeed discovered.

For some years after this King John was unable to send out any more expeditions. And meanwhile Christopher Columbus, sailing westward, discovered what he believed to be the further shore of India, and claimed it for the King of Spain. Then the King of Spain asked the Pope to grant to him all lands which might be discovered by sailing westward even as he had granted to the King of Portugal all lands which might be discovered by sailing eastward. This being done, the King of Spain and the King of Portugal agreed to share between them all the world which might be still unknown.

After the discovery of Columbus, the Portuguese became more eager than ever to find the way to India. King John ordered three ships to be built, tall and strong such as should be able to withstand the storms of the Cape of Good Hope. Bartholomew Diaz himself made the plans, for none knew better what stout ships were needful, for only he and his men in all the world had passed that stormy cape.

Before the ships were ready to sail, King John died. His cousin Manuel, however, who succeeded him, was as eager as his uncle had been that Portugal should be great and prosperous, so he ordered that the ships should be finished.

A noble called Vasco da Gama was chosen to be leader of the expedition, and one bright spring day in



1497 the King and courtiers, monks and priests, and a great crowd of people followed Vasco da Gama and his sailors to the shore, and there took leave of them with prayers and cheers and thunder of guns. But the rejoicings were mingled with such tears and sobs of those who thought never to see their dear ones again, that the place was afterwards called the Shore of Tears.

When the last farewell had been said, these brave men sailed out into unknown seas, there to meet many dangers and perils, danger from wind and waves, from fierce dark savage peoples, from strange and terrible beasts.

Nor were the dangers all from without. Within the ships were dangers too. For the men grew weary of the long struggle with storms, fearful of what might lie before them, and prayed their leader to return. 'But nay,' he cried sternly, 'if I saw an hundred deaths before mine eyes, yet would I sail right on. To India we shall go, or die.'

Then, seeing that they could not move their commander to return, the sailors mutinied. But Vasco da Gama was both bold and quick. Seizing the ringleaders, he loaded them with fetters on hands and feet, and thrust them prisoner into the darkness of the hold. Then taking the chart and all the instruments which helped him to find his way across the pathless ocean, he cast them overboard. 'I need neither pilot nor guide, but God alone,' he cried. 'If so we merit it, He will lead us safely to our journey's end.'

Thus the fearless leader crushed the mutiny, and continued his voyage.

## CHAPTER III

### SUCCESS AT LAST

HAVING escaped many dangers, having suffered many misfortunes, having lost two of his ships, Vasco da Gama did at length, after a voyage of eleven months, reach India. The joy was great when at last the long-looked-for shore appeared, and the dream of years was realised.

Vasco da Gama landed some little distance from the town of Calicut, which was well known in Europe as the place from which calico came. But until that day no European had set foot there.

But even now that India was reached, the dangers were not over. The Arab merchants, who had grown rich through their Indian trade, were jealous of the newcomers. So they tried to make mischief between the Zamorin or King of Calicut and the Portuguese. They told him that these white-faced people had come not to trade, but to conquer his land.

By treachery the Arabs succeeded in taking Vasco prisoner. The Indians who helped them, however, did not dare to put him to death, and he was at length set free. But he never forgave the Moors and Arabs for their treachery, and swore to be avenged upon them.

Meanwhile, however, they had so set the people of Calicut against the Portuguese, that it was only with great difficulty that Vasco could gather a small cargo of

spices and drugs. With this he was forced to be content, and set sail for home.

But, as the wind was against them, the Portuguese, instead of sailing straight across the Indian Ocean, sailed northward along the Indian coast until they came to Cannanore. Here the King received them with great honour. For it had been foretold long ago by one of his wise men that the whole of India should one day be ruled by a distant King whose people should be white, and who would do great harm to those who were not their friends. So the King of Cannanore and his counsellors, making sure that these were the white men who were one day to rule India, made haste to be friendly.

To Vasco da Gama the King sent such great presents of pepper and cinnamon, clove, mace, ginger, and all kinds of spice, that the ships could not hold it, and Vasco was obliged at last to refuse to take more.

Thus at length, well rewarded for their troubles and toil, Vasco and his men sailed home. And after more adventures and dangers they reached Lisbon in safety.

Great were the rejoicings when the ships arrived. For they had been gone two and a half years, and both King and people had given up all hope of their return.

Now that at length the route to India was found, Portugal was raised to great importance. Her kings took the proud title of 'Lords of the Conquest, Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and China,' and for a hundred years the flag of Portugal was honoured on every sea.

Vasco da Gama was richly rewarded. He was given the title of Dom or lord. And when every one was paid,



and the widows and children of those who had lost their lives in the adventure had been cared for, it was found that the Portuguese had still made sixty times as much as they had spent on fitting out the expedition.

The way to India once found, the Portuguese were not slow to make use of it. Again and again expeditions set out, and soon not only traders went, but soldiers also, to guard them from the hatred and spite of the Moors and Arabs.

The Portuguese made friendly treaties with the Kings of Cannanore and Cochin. They built factories and left factors and clerks there, and thus the commerce of Europe with India was begun. These factories were not what we mean now by factories. They were not places where goods were made, but simply trading stations, houses where the natives brought their goods and exchanged them for other goods. A factor means really one who does trade for another.

With the King of Calicut and with the Moors there was war. Whenever the Portuguese met a Calicut vessel they attacked it, took what they wanted of the cargo, sunk or burned the ship, and killed all the sailors.

Those were terrible times, and trade was not the peaceful thing that it is now. It was almost as dangerous and quite as exciting as war, and traders were often little better than pirates.

When Vasco da Gama made his second voyage to India he avenged himself terribly on the Moors, as he had vowed to do. Coming upon a fleet of twenty-four of their vessels he captured them all. After having taken as much of the cargo as he wanted, he cut off the hands, noses, and ears of the sailors. He then tied their feet together, and so that they might not untie the knots

with their teeth, he ordered his men to knock them out. Lastly he set fire to the ships, and with sails set to the shore, he let them drift homeward with their ghastly crew.

That a wise brave man like Vasco da Gama should be so brutal seems terrible now, but in those fierce times he seemed only to be taking a just revenge.

In a very short time the little Portuguese trading stations grew into forts, the forts grew into towns, where Christian churches rose beside Moslem mosques and Hindu temples; Portuguese vessels cruised along the coasts attacking any ship, no matter of what country, which might dare to enter Indian waters; Portuguese viceroys held sway on Indian shores from the Gulf of Cambay to what is now Madras; and the trade with Burma and Bengal, with China and Japan and all the East was in their hands. All this was not brought about without much fighting and many wars. But Portugal in those days was strong and powerful, and all over the world her merchants were as much feared for their might as envied for their wealth.

## CHAPTER IV

### HOW THE DUTCH AND THE ENGLISH SET FORTH TO INDIA

THE Dutch, like the Portuguese, were a sea-going people. For many years they had been the carriers of Europe. Every year their ships came to Lisbon, there to buy the goods which the Portuguese brought from India, and from Lisbon they carried them to every port in Europe.

At that time the Dutch were under the rule of Spain, but in 1572 they revolted, and in 1580 they declared themselves free. In the same year King Philip II. of Spain made himself King of Portugal too, and soon afterwards he ordered that all Dutch ships found in Spanish waters should be seized, and that all Spanish and Portuguese ports should be closed to them. In this way he hoped to ruin the trade of the rebellious Dutchmen. But they, finding that they could no longer trade with Lisbon, resolved to seek the way to India for themselves and trade direct.

Just as the Moors had tried to keep the Portuguese out of India, so now the Portuguese tried to keep out the Dutch, and there was much fighting both by land and sea. Even after the Dutch reached India the Portuguese tried to make mischief between them and the natives. These were no true traders, they said, but spies come to view the land, and later they would return in force to conquer it.



But the Dutch were hardy and brave, and not easily discouraged. In 1588 the Spanish Armada was defeated by the English, and after that Spain had few ships and men to spare for fighting in distant seas. So by degrees the Dutch drove the Portuguese out of their colonies and took them for themselves. They founded a Dutch East India Company, which grew wealthy and powerful, and soon all the trade of the East was in their hands. Holland had more ships than all the kingdoms of Europe put together. The Dutch ruled the sea. Dutch harbours and colonies were scattered over all the globe, and Holland became the market of the world.

The spice trade especially, the Dutch were determined to keep in their own hands. And in order to make this easier, they destroyed whole plantations of spice and pepper trees. For that and other reasons the price of pepper was soon doubled. At one bound it rose from three shillings to six and eight shillings.

Up to this time the English merchants had been content to buy from the Dutch as the Dutch had before been content to buy from the Portuguese. But now they were angry, and resolved in their turn to go to India direct for what they wanted.

So it was in a tiny matter like the price of pepper that the seeds of our great Indian Empire were sown.

On the 22nd September 1599 the Lord Mayor of London with the aldermen and merchants met together and resolved to form an East India Company. 'Induced thereto,' the old paper says, 'by the succeſſe of the viage performed by the Duche nation,' they too resolved 'to venter in the pretended voiage to the Eaſte Indias, the whiche it maie pleased the Lorde to prosper.'

But although meantime there were several meetings

‘annent the said viage,’ it was not until about a year and a half later that the first ships set out. For there were many preparations to make, the Queen’s consent (it was Queen Elizabeth who ruled England in those days) had to be given, money had to be found, ships had to be bought and fitted out, and even the fact that we might be going to make peace with Spain had to be thought about.

But at last, on the 13th of February 1601, five ships set sail from Woolwich. They were named the *Red Dragon*, the *Hector*, the *Ascension*, the *Susan*, and the *Guest*. Although they set sail in February, there was so little wind that they did not reach Dartmouth until Easter. But at length a fair wind blew, and the bold adventurers sailed out into the ocean and were soon beyond sight of land.

Many adventures befell them; storms and calms, sea-fights and sickness they endured. At last so many of the men were ill with scurvy, that on reaching Table Bay they resolved to land. Scurvy is brought on by eating salt meat and no fresh vegetables. It was a new disease, having never been heard of until Vasco da Gama took his first voyage to India. In those days they had not found out how to carry fresh food on ships. The men had to live for the most part on salted meat and biscuits, and they nearly always fell ill.

So now Captain James Lancaster, who was in charge of the expedition, thought that if he could land and find fresh food for his men, they would soon be better. The people who lived in Africa were all black savages. When they saw these strange ships come into the bay they gathered round to look and wonder. Then James Lancaster made signs to them to bring him sheep and oxen. ‘He spake to them in the Cattels Language, which was never changed at the confusion of Babell,

which was Moathe for Oxen and Kine, and Baa for Sheepe. Which language the people understood very well without an Interpreter,' says an old writer. 'The third day after our coming into this Bay the people brought downe Beefes and Muttons, which we bought of them for pieces of old Iron hoopcs, as two pieces of eight inches a piece for an Oxe, and one piece of eight inches for a Sheepe, with which they seemed to be well contented.'

For seven weeks the Englishmen stayed in Table Bay. By the end of that time nearly every one was well again, and they sailed on their way once more. After passing through more adventures and dangers, and seeing many strange and wonderful sights, they at length came to Achin in the island of Sumatra.

Queen Elizabeth had sent a letter to the King of Achin, and now Captain James Lancaster went on shore to deliver it. He was received with great honour and was led to the King's court riding upon an elephant, while a band marched in front of him making a fearful noise with drums and trumpets.

After Lancaster had presented his letter there were banquets and cock-fights in his honour, with much present-giving, without which no Eastern could do any business. Then after a great deal of talking the King wrote an answer to the Queen, and a treaty of peace and agreement to trade was made.

Although the Eastern kings were heathen, they were not wild savages like the people of Africa. This king was a Mohammedan, and when the Englishmen came to take leave of him, he turned to Captain Lancaster and asked, 'Do you know the Psalms of David?'

'Yes,' replied Lancaster, greatly astonished, 'we say them every day.'



‘Then,’ said the King, ‘I and these nobles about me will sing a psalm to God for your prosperity.’

So very solemnly this heathen king and his nobles sang a psalm. It was a curious sight. There in the gorgeous heathen palace stood the few rough English sailors. Around them singing crowded the dark-faced Indians, clad in brilliant dresses of red and yellow, glittering with jewels and gold.

When the psalm was ended, the King again turned to Lancaster. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘I would hear you too sing a psalm in your own language.’

So in their turn the Englishmen sang. And the psalm being finished, they took their leave.

From Achin Lancaster sailed on to other places, for he had not enough goods yet to carry home. And he felt that it would be little to his credit did he sail back with empty ships, when all the Indies lay before him from which to gather precious stores.

Like the Dutch, the English had to deal with the Portuguese, for they ‘had a deligent eye over every steppe we trode,’ and by force and treachery they tried to keep the English from trading with the Indians.

The Englishmen, however, got the better of the Portuguese, and at last, well laden with spices, they sailed homeward. But on the way they met with great and terrible storms, so that ‘the ship drave up and downe in the sea like a wrake’ and ‘Hayle and snow and sleetie cold weather’ took the heart out of them, until the master and crew were in despair, and gave up hope of ever reaching home.

But at length the sea grew calmer, and after months of toil and peril they reached the safe shelter of the Downs, and gave thanks to God for all the perils and dangers passed.

Such were the beginnings of British trade with India. And although some of the ships and many of the men had been lost on the voyage, the Company had made much money. King James of Scotland was now upon the throne. He made Captain Lancaster a knight as a reward for the brave way in which he had steered his ships and led his men through storms and dangers.

## CHAPTER V

### THE FIRST BRITISH AMBASSADOR GOES TO THE COURT OF THE EMPEROR OF INDIA

WHEN the first English adventurers sailed to India, the Dutch treated them kindly. But very soon the struggle between English and Dutch became as fierce as the struggle between Portuguese and Dutch had been. For a long time Bantam, in the island of Java, was the only town where the English had a factory, and in some places the natives were so afraid of the Dutch that they would not trade at all with the English. Yet the English trade grew, and almost every year the East India Company sent out new ships. Now, instead of giving the vessels names like the *Red Dragon* or the *Roebuck*, they called them the *Peppercorn*, the *Clove*, *Trades Increase*, or *Merchant's Hope*.

Finding it difficult to found factories in the East India Islands, the English next tried to do so on the mainland. The first factory which they succeeded in founding there was at Surat. Sir John Hawkins, one of our great English 'sea-dogs,' was the first to land there. But he found it very hard to trade, for the Portuguese were still in power. There he met 'a proud Portugal' who 'tearmed King James King of Fishermen and of an Island of no import. And a fig for his commission!' There, he says, 'I could not peepe out of doores for fear of the Portugals, who in troops lay lurking in the byways to give me assault to murder me.'



The kings of India were not like the savages of Africa and America. They were great potentates living in splendour, although the people over whom they ruled were miserably poor. They sat upon golden thrones studded with jewels, they bathed in golden baths and ate and drank from golden vessels. Their clothes glittered with gems and were fringed with pearls.

The Great Mogul was the chief of these kings. He was Emperor of all India, and the other kings paid him money or tribute, and acknowledged him as 'overlord.' Over those states which lay near his capital at Delhi he ruled like a tyrant, but over the distant states he had little power. There the kings did very much as they liked.

It was often very difficult for the English to get leave to trade in the dominions of these proud tyrants. For the curious thing was that in those days they thought little of Europeans. The King of Great Britain was to them merely the ruler of a tiny, barbarous and poor island somewhere far away in the cold bleak seas. It seemed to them that they were being very kind, and that they stooped from their high state in listening at all to the wishes of such a petty prince.

The Great Mogul was haughtiest of all. He was quite willing to take presents from the King, but he was not willing to do anything in return. So at last it was decided to send an ambassador from England to live at the court of the Great Mogul to see what he could do for British trade.

Sir Thomas Roe was the first ambassador who went from Great Britain to India. He was also the first gentleman who had to do with the East India Company. For at the beginning they had said, 'We purpose not to emploie anie gent in any place of charge, but to sort our

business with men of our own quality.' Even now, although many of them thought that it was a good idea to send an ambassador to the court of the Great Mogul, they were very fearful lest the King should send some gay favourite of his own who would cost them much and do but little good. 'A meere merchaunt' would do just as well and cost them far less they thought. But in the end the choice fell on Sir Thomas, who was both courtly and wise. He was used to kings and courts, he was courteous and polite, but he made up his mind that the dusky Eastern kings should treat him with honour, as became a messenger from a ruler greater than themselves.

So from the beginning Sir Thomas held himself proudly. 'If it seeme to any,' he says, 'that shall heare of my first carriadge that I was eyther too stiff, to Punctuall, too high, or to Prodigall, lett them Consider I was to repayre a ruynd house and to make streight that which was crooked.'

When Sir Thomas Roe landed at Surat he did so in great state. The ships in the harbour were decked with flags and streamers, cannon fired, and before him went a boat in which a band played, and when he reached the shore eighty soldiers marched around him as a body-guard.

Roe's troubles soon began. The Mogul was not at Surat, but at Ajmere, about six hundred miles away. To get there the ambassador needed men and horses. But the Mogul's servants and the governor of Surat delayed and delayed. They said one thing and did another. They promised easily and broke their promises just as easily. 'In all their dealinges ther was new falshood,' says Sir Thomas, and in every way they tried to hinder him.



At last he overcame all the difficulties and started on his long journey. The country through which he passed he found miserable and barren. The towns and villages were all built of mud, and the houses were so miserable and dirty that there was hardly one fit to rest in. To-day that same region is rich and fertile. Green fields and gardens are everywhere to be seen, and well-built prosperous towns and villages are dotted about.

The journey was long and difficult, and Sir Thomas fell ill on the way and did not reach Ajmere until Christmas. A few days later he went to see the Great Mogul.

Sir Thomas kept a diary and wrote many letters when he was in India. In them he tells of much that he did and saw, and of the troubles he had to bear.

Among other things he tells us exactly how the Great Mogul spent his days. Every morning as soon as he rose he showed himself at a window called the Jharukhá or interview window. Here the people came to do honour to him. While he worshipped the sun they cried out, 'Live, O great king! O great king, life and health!' Here too the Great Mogul gave and received presents, letting them down and pulling them up with silken cords. From this window he reviewed his troops and gave judgments, never refusing the poorest man's complaint, says Roe. At nine he went away, and at midday he came back to the window again to watch elephants and other wild beasts fight. After watching for an hour or two he went away to sleep. At four he appeared at the Durbar or audience, when he received the great men who came to visit him, and did the business of the state. Then after supper he went

into another room which was very private, and where only the most honoured guests were allowed to come.

Every day was exactly the same as another, so that Sir Thomas said it seemed to him that the Great Mogul was as much a slave as the poorest in the land. For had he failed to show himself for one day the people would have broken out into riots.

It was at the Durbar that Roe first saw the Mogul. When eastern princes came to visit the Mogul they bowed themselves to the earth and fell upon their faces. But Sir Thomas refused to do any such thing. He was a stiff-necked Englishman with a very good idea of the importance of his King and of himself. He was quite willing to be as polite and as courteous to the Great Mogul as he would have been to a European prince, but no more.

Sir Thomas found the Mogul seated upon his throne, and surrounded by his nobles who stood in three rows, one below the other. As Sir Thomas passed each row he bowed, and at last stood before the Mogul.

The Mogul was very gracious to Sir Thomas and seemed pleased with the presents which he had brought. What pleased him most was an English sword and scarf, although, pretending to be very grand and dignified, he did not pay much attention to them at the time. But at ten o'clock that night he sent for one of Roe's servants to come to show him how to wear the sword in English fashion. Then he strutted up and down the hall, drawing it and flourishing it like a child with a new toy, and for a month he was never seen without it.

But although the Great Mogul continued to be very friendly, Sir Thomas could get little out of him but

empty promises. Neither he, nor his sons, nor his counsellors were willing to bind themselves to any treaty.

For nearly three years Sir Thomas remained in India. He followed the court about from place to place, seeing many wonderful and some dreadful sights. At last, finding that he could do but little good, he begged to be allowed to go home. This he soon did, carrying with him a letter from the Great Mogul to King James full of flowery language, but little more.

It almost seemed as if Sir Thomas had failed in what he had been sent to do. But this was not so. He failed indeed to get any real treaty signed, but when he left India the position of the British there was far better than it had been. They were allowed to trade much more freely, and Sir Thomas had shown that Britons must be treated with dignity and that they were not to be trampled upon. Above all, danger from Portuguese rivals was over.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE HATRED OF THE DUTCH

YEAR by year the jealousy of the Dutch grew, until in 1622 it burst out in bitter hatred.

At Amboina in the Molucca Islands the Dutch had built a large factory and a strong fort where they had two hundred soldiers.

The British too, had a factory there. But it was only an ordinary house without fortifications or defences of any kind. They had no soldiers, and they numbered only eighteen traders.

Suddenly one day the Dutch seized all the British, loaded them with fetters, and threw them into dark and horrible dungeons. They did this pretending to have discovered a plot to take the fort.

Next day the prisoners were brought out of their dungeons one by one, and were told to confess their share in the plot. But there had been no plot, so the Englishmen could confess nothing. Then in the horrible manner of the time, the Dutch tortured them to make them confess. With the rack, with fire and with water, the poor wretches were tortured, until at last, in order to free themselves from the torment, they were willing to confess to anything, and to say any words which might be put into their mouths.

But although they confessed to a plot, and accused each other of taking part in it, that did not save them.



They were all condemned to death. Once more, heavily laden with fetters, they were thrown into the dungeons there to await death.

Now some courage came back to the poor men. They were not afraid to die, but they wanted their fellow-countrymen to know that they died innocent of any plot against the Dutch. One of them had a Prayer Book, and in that he wrote a few pitiful words. 'We be judged to death,' he wrote, 'this 5th of March Anno 1622. We through torment, were constrained to speak that which we never meant nor once imagined. They tortured us with that extreme torture of fire and water that flesh and blood could not endure it. But this we take upon our deaths, that they have put us to death guiltless of that we are accused. And so farewell. Written in the dark.'

Through the long sad night the prisoners comforted each other. They asked pardon, and freely forgave each other for the false things they had said, then praying and singing psalms they waited for the morning.

When day came they were led out to die. Guarded by soldiers they were marched through the town so that all might see the triumph of the Dutch. Then they were led to the place of execution and their heads were cut off.

When the news of this cruelty reached England, the people were filled with horror and anger. But the matter was hushed and the Dutch were never punished for what they had done.

The rivalry between the two nations now became even more bitter than before. For a time the Dutch were the more successful, and instead of making money the English East India Company began to lose it. As they had been driven from Java, they became very anxious to set up a factory on the east coast of India. But from place to

place they were hunted about by the jealousy of the Dutch and the dislike of the Indian rulers.

At last a trader called Day bought a piece of land from one of the native princes. This was the first land owned by the British in India. It was only a narrow strip of sandy beach about five miles long and one wide, but it was a foothold. Here, in 1639, the British built a fort which they called Fort St. George. This was the beginning of the town of Madras.

Day had many difficulties to fight. Both the Portuguese and the Dutch had factories near Fort St. George, and the Dutch especially tried to make the Indian prince forbid the British to build a fort. The East India Company too had at this time little money to spare, and some of the Council were not well pleased at the thought of all that would be spent on a fort, which they thought was unnecessary.

But at last every difficulty was overcome. The little British fortress was finished. Brass cannon shone at the loopholes and the Union Jack floated from the walls.

Within the walls were houses for all the company's staff. And here they lived very much like a large family. In the morning they went to chapel and heard prayers read by the chaplain; they all dined and supped together in the great hall, and when work was over for the day they met in their pleasant gardens and amused themselves with shooting, archery, and bowls. But in those days no ladies were allowed to go to India, and if any of the men were married they had to leave their wives at home.

Outside the walls of Madras a native town grew up quickly. For the Hindu people soon heard of the new town, and, as they were not allowed to live within its walls, they built their little mud and bamboo huts without. Under the trees which grew near they set up their looms,

and wove and printed in the open air the cottons and muslins which the British were so eager to buy. So the fort where the British lived came to be called 'white town,' and the native village without the walls was called 'black town.'

By degrees the British got leave in various ways to build other factories. One day the daughter of the Great Mogul set herself on fire and was very badly burned. The native doctors did not know what to do. So the British doctor from Surat was sent for. He cured the Princess very quickly, and the Mogul was so delighted that he told the doctor to ask for whatever reward he liked. He asked that the Company might be allowed to build a factory at the town of Hooghly on the Hooghly river. This they were allowed to do, but they were forbidden to build a fort or to land a cannon.

Then when Charles II. of England married Princess Catherine of Portugal, he received the Island of Bombay as part of her dowry. But Charles did not care for a possession which was so far away, and which was said, too, to be damp and unhealthy. So he gave it to the Company for £10 a year. The Portuguese, who had already settled there, were not very pleased at being handed over to the British. But they soon found that they were as free, or freer than they had been under their own king, and they settled down quietly. The Company strengthened the castle which the Portuguese had already built. And although the climate was so unhealthy that no European could live there for more than three years at a time, the harbour was so good that in about sixteen years it became the chief trading port on the west coast. Now it is the second city in the Empire, and one of the healthiest towns in India. For the marshes have been drained, and the forests of cocoa-nut trees, which kept off



the fresh sea breezes and made the town unhealthy, have been removed.

About this time the Great Mogul tried to make every one in India Mohammedan, as he was. He persecuted those who would not become Mohammedan, and among other things he made them pay a heavy tax. The Nawab, as a native prince who ruled for the Mogul was called, now insisted that the British at Hooghly should pay the tax too. This, and other oppressions of the Nawab, at last became so unbearable that the British left Hooghly and went back to Madras.

Soon after this the Nawab of Bengal was changed, and the new ruler asked the British to return. They did go back, but not to Hooghly. Instead, they built their factory at a little village twenty miles nearer the sea, but it was still without any fortifications. A few years later the persecutions of the Mogul became so bad that the Hindus rebelled. Then the Nawab gave the British leave to fortify their factory against the rebels. So they built a fort called Fort William. They also bought three small native villages. And this was the beginning of the beautiful city of Calcutta which is now the capital of British India.

Thus at the beginning of the eighteenth century the British had a firm footing in India. They had three fortresses—Bombay castle on the west, Fort St. George at Madras on the south-east coast, and Fort William at Calcutta in the north-east—in this way commanding trade from all directions.

Soon, from these three towns as head-quarters, other factories began to be dotted all along the coast and far inland. These three towns were called Presidency towns as a head or president of the Company lived in each. Under the president there were merchants, factors, writers



and apprentices. Every week the president and four or five of the chief men met in council to arrange the business of the Company. Within the walls of the factory or fort the president was as powerful as the Viceroy of India is to-day. Every British factory was ruled by British law as if it had been a town at home. And out of such small beginnings our great Indian Empire has grown. To-day a large part of the west coast is still called the Bombay Presidency. On the south-east coast is the Madras Presidency, and in the north is the Bengal Presidency. They take their names from those far-off days when the Company first began to trade.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE FRENCH IN INDIA

WHILE year by year British trade in India had been growing greater, another European country had begun to try and gain a footing there too. This country was France. And in India, as in Canada, the French and British were to struggle for power.

Almost at the same time as the British founded their East India Company, the French founded one too. But for one reason or another they were not fortunate, and it was not until many years later, in 1668, that the first French factory was set up in India. This, like the first of the British, was at Surat.

But besides having all the usual difficulties with native princes to get over, the French had to fight the British and also the Dutch. Both by land and sea the Dutch beat the French, and drove them again and again out of the factories which they tried to found.

At length the French bought a piece of ground from a native prince about a hundred miles south of Madras. Here they built a fort and town, which they called Pondicherry, and at last began to prosper.

The French settlement was very small, and they were everywhere surrounded by enemies. So the leader, whose name was Martin, asked the native prince to allow him to have some native soldiers. The native prince was very friendly, so he gladly agreed to give him

three hundred men. Martin was the first white man who had thought of making use of the Indians as soldiers, and it was found that when they were properly drilled and had European officers they made splendid soldiers.

Besides drilling these men and teaching them order and obedience, Martin made use of them as colonists. He gave each man a piece of land and encouraged him to till it, and to set up looms and weave muslins and other stuffs which he wanted for his trade.

For nineteen years the French colony prospered. But the Dutch were determined to hunt them out. At home they were fighting with the French, and one day they appeared before Pondicherry with a fleet and an army large enough to conquer a whole state.

The French were helpless. Against this great army there were thirty-four Frenchmen, three hundred native soldiers and only six guns. Yet, few though they were, Martin and his brave men held out for twelve days. But the Dutch surrounded them both by land and sea. They were starving, and gave in.

The French, having promised that they would all go back to France, were allowed to march out of their well-defended little fort with all the honours of war. The native soldiers were allowed to go where they liked.

This seemed to be the end of French power in India. But four years later peace was signed between the Dutch and the French, and one of the conditions of the treaty was that Pondicherry should be given back to the French. This was done, and once more the French returned.

For some years after this the British, Dutch, and French traders lived almost in peace. But all around them, among the native princes, there was constant war.



Kingdoms rose and fell, rulers mounted thrones and were hurled again from them, 'The country being all in warrs and broyles.'

Then in 1744 the French and British went to war at home. This was the war of the Austrian Succession. And not content with fighting at home, they carried the war into their colonies.

At this time a very clever Frenchman named Dupleix was governor of Pondicherry. He did not want to fight, and he tried to make the British president at Madras agree to keep peace, even though their kings at home were fighting.

But the British president knew that ships and men were being sent from home to help him to fight the French, and he would not agree to be at peace. Dupleix was in despair. He had begun to fortify Pondicherry, but the walls were not even finished. He had only a garrison of about four hundred men and one little war-ship. He knew that when the British ships with their heavy guns arrived, his town would be pounded to bits in a very short time.

The French had always kept on very good terms with the native rulers. So now in his need Dupleix asked the Nawab Anwaru-Din to help him. Dupleix had more than once helped the Nawab when he had been in trouble, and now he sent him handsome presents. Anwaru-Din was so pleased that he at once sent a message to the governor of Madras saying that he would not allow the French to be hurt, and that he would allow no fighting within his dominions.

The British thought they were not strong enough to fight the French and the Nawab too, so they left Pondicherry alone. The British fleet, when it arrived, sailed away again, and, instead of taking the town, the



admiral contented himself with attacking French trading ships on the sea, in that way doing a great deal of damage to French trade.

Meanwhile another Frenchman named La Bourdonnais had, with great difficulty, got together a little fleet of ships, and he came sailing to help Dupleix.

One July day the French and the British fleets met. From four o'clock until the sun went down, they fought. But although the French lost most men, it was neither a defeat nor a victory for either side. Yet next day, in spite of the fact that they had the best of the position, the British sailed away and left Madras to its fate. Had they but known it, La Bourdonnais, although he was making such a brave show, had food left for only one day, and nearly all his powder and shot was done.

The news of the battle reached Madras together with the news that the British fleet had sailed away, and that soon the French might be expected to appear before the town.

Madras was almost as unprotected as Pondicherry. The walls were weak and there were scarcely three hundred men to protect them. So the British president, in his turn, sent to the Nawab for help. But, forgetting that it was useless to ask anything of a native without giving him something, the president sent him no present. This the Nawab looked upon as almost an insult, and he did nothing.

It was not long before the French ships appeared before Madras, and after three days' fighting the president gave in. Everything became the property of the French, the town, the fort, and all that they contained, gold, silver and merchandise. But La Bourdonnais agreed that the British should be allowed to buy back their town for a large sum of money. Meanwhile they became

prisoners of war. The Union Jack was hauled down and the French lilies floated in its place.

But now, as soon as he heard of what had happened, Anwaru-Din was angry. Although he had done nothing to help the British, he had not meant that they should be driven away altogether. So the very day that Madras surrendered he sent an angry message to Dupleix saying that if he did not stop fighting at once he would send an army against Pondicherry.

Dupleix knew very well how to manage the Indians. So he told Anwaru-Din that if the town were taken it should be given to him. With this the Nawab was quite satisfied.

Thus Madras was promised to two people. La Bourdonnais had promised to sell it back to the British, and Dupleix had promised it to the Nawab.

Neither Dupleix nor La Bourdonnais would give way, and these two men who had worked so well for their country, quarrelled.

And while they quarrelled a great storm shattered the French fleet, and much of the spoil taken from Madras was lost. At last, with such of his ships as remained to him, La Bourdonnais sailed home. 'My part is taken regarding Madras,' he wrote. 'I give it up to you. I have signed the treaty. It is for you to keep my word. I am so disgusted with this wretched Madras, that I would give an arm never to have set foot in it.'

Meanwhile the Nawab had been growing more and more angry as week after week went past, and he saw no sign of Dupleix keeping his promise and handing Madras over to him. Dupleix did really mean to keep his promise, but he wanted to destroy the walls first. He wanted to drive the British out of India altogether,

and he saw that unless the fortifications were destroyed, it would be easy for the Nawab to give the town back to the British, if he liked and the French would be no better off than before.

While the quarrel with La Bourdonnais went on, Dupleix could do nothing. Now it was too late, for the angry Nawab had gathered his troops and was marching against Madras, which was by this time garrisoned with French soldiers.

Anwaru-Din made no doubt of crushing these impudent, faithless Europeans, as with ten thousand soldiers, with horses and elephants, and all the glitter and splendour of an eastern army, he closed round Madras.

To meet this host, four hundred men, bringing with them two cannon, marched out of the town.

The white turbaned, brilliant, Indian horsemen dashed upon this handful of men. But suddenly the French ranks divided. There was a roar of cannon and the foremost Indian horsemen lay dead.

The Indians were startled and confused, and before they could recover, the Frenchmen had fired again and yet again.

Such warfare as this was new to the Indian warriors. They indeed had cannon, but they were so old and clumsy that they were more dangerous to those who fired them than to any one else. And if they were fired once in quarter of an hour, that seemed to them very quick work. They had never dreamed that it was possible to fire a cannon four or five times in a minute.

Panic seized upon the Indian horsemen. They turned and fled. Soon the whole army was fleeing in utter rout, leaving their tents and baggage in the hands of the French.



For the first time the Indians had found out how powerful the white-faced traders were, and as they fled they told their tale of wonder, and spread their terror everywhere around.

Dupleix now took complete possession of Madras. It was neither given to the Nawab nor sold back to the British. Many of the British were taken prisoner to Pondicherry. Others fled in the night and took refuge at Fort St. David, another British station about twelve miles south of Pondicherry. Among these was a young man named Robert Clive.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SIEGE OF ARCOT

It seemed now as if Dupleix would sweep all before him and that France should be supreme in India. Against him were only a few hundred Britons in Fort St. David, but the little fort held out against attack after attack. At last came the news that at home peace had been signed between France and Britain, that fighting must cease, and that by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle Madras was given back to Britain.

Thus after five years of fighting things seemed to be exactly as they had been at the beginning. But there was this difference, the French and the British, instead of trading peacefully side by side, had now become deadly enemies. Each was eager to banish the other from India. And from now too, the Europeans were no longer merely traders. They had begun to make their power felt by the Indian princes. Now, instead of being somewhat despised and looked down upon, the Europeans were looked up to, and in their quarrels with each other, the native princes became eager to have European help. They had learned what European soldiers could do. The native princes were nearly always fighting. Now a very bitter quarrel began and as the French and British took different sides, they were soon fighting as badly as before, although France and Britain were at peace. They were therefore not supposed to be



STORMING OF GERIAH, 1756





fighting against each other, but only helping the native princes.

The part of India over which Anwaru-Din ruled was called the Carnatic, and his capital was Arcot. The Lord of the Deccan, another part of India, was Anwaru-Din's overlord. In 1748 the Lord of the Deccan died. At once his sons and relatives began to fight for the crown, and Dupleix resolved to help one of these relatives called Muzaffar Jang and his friend Chanda Sahib. Anwaru-Din was on the other side, and in a great battle he was killed, his army was scattered, and his son, Mohammed Ali, fled to the British for protection.

With the help of the French, Muzaffar Jang was at length proclaimed Lord of the Deccan, and Chanda Sahib Nawab of the Carnatic. A great durbar or meeting was held, to which all the nobles of the Deccan gathered to do honour to their new lord. And amid the brilliant throng was Dupleix, dressed in a gorgeous Mohammedan robe. It was he who sat in the place of greatest honour. It was upon him that honours and powers were heaped. He was made governor of all the land south of the river Kristna, he was given the title of Commander of Seven Thousand Horses, he was allowed to carry the ensign of the Fish among his standards, this being considered one of the greatest honours of India, it was he indeed who was the true ruler of the Deccan. Near the town of Gingi a monument was raised in his honour. Upon it in French, Persian, Malabar, and Hindustani was written the story of his greatness. And round it grew up a town called Dupleix-Fathábád, or the place of the victory of Dupleix.

In a few months the French, from being simple traders,

over, and the handful of British soldiers shut up there were led by a clerk of twenty-five.

But the fort held out week after week. Side by side Briton and Indian fought, catching something of the spirit of splendid daring and patient courage which filled their leader. Food grew scarce. There was little but rice left, and not enough of that. And now the sepoy showed the stuff they were made of. They came to Clive, not to grumble, but to tell him that they could live on the water that the rice was boiled in, and that the British soldiers might have all the rice itself.

So week by week the little garrison, Indian and Briton, stood shoulder to shoulder, and worked and fought together. At length the enemy made a breach in the wall, and their leader sent a message to Clive asking him to surrender. But Clive replied with scorn. He had no thought of giving in.

The Indian leader then determined to make a last grand attack on the fort. He chose the 24th of November, which is a great Mohammedan feast day. It is said that the soul of any good Mohammedan who dies fighting on that day will be carried straight to paradise. All night riotous sounds came from the Indian camp where the men were working themselves into a fury of religious zeal. They prepared for battle by making themselves mad with a kind of drug called bhang. And when morning came they were reckless of death, eager for the joys of paradise. With wild prayers and feasting they had become so frantic that they knew not what they did.

But Clive had been warned by spies, and he, too, made ready for the attack. All night he worked, and at last, towards morning, utterly worn out, he threw himself upon his bed, dressed as he was, to try and snatch a few hours' rest.



With the first streak of dawn the alarm was given. Clive started from his bed. All was in readiness. Every man was at his post.

The stars had faded in the pale sky, and in the cool, dim light a sea of dark-faced fanatics surged and howled round the fort, their white turbans tossing like foam-crested waves on dark water. Armoured elephants, wearing iron plates upon their foreheads, with which to batter down the gates, led the way. On came the seething mass with mad, triumphant yells.

Suddenly, from the walls, the sharp crack of musketry rang out. It was unexpected; it was sharp and hot. For every spare musket in the fort was ready loaded, and men lay behind the shooters handing loaded guns to them as quickly as might be. The oncoming wave reeled. Stung to madness the elephants turned. In wild terror they broke through the crowding ranks behind them, trampling many to death.

It was not only the gates which were attacked. Where the moat was dry, the besiegers swarmed thick and fast. But the fire from the fort was sharp and steady, and man after man went down. Part of the half-ruined moat was still full of water, and here the besiegers launched a heavily laden raft. The defenders fired upon it again and again, but each time they missed it. It had nearly crossed the ditch when Clive, noticing how badly the gunners were aiming, took one of the guns himself. He aimed coolly and well, hit the raft and overturned it. In a minute the water was full of wounded, struggling, drowning men. The few who could swim made for the bank and escaped.

For an hour the fight lasted. Then the enemy fled, leaving four hundred dead and dying round the walls. Of the defenders, four only were killed and two wounded.

Now and again during the day the firing was renewed, but at last it ceased. The night passed in silence, and when the next morning dawned the enemy's camp was empty. They had fled in the darkness leaving their guns and ammunition behind. The siege, which had lasted seven weeks, was at an end.

The siege of Arcot was the turning point of British fortunes in India. From there Clive marched out to win battle after battle. Many a time he led his men with reckless almost careless daring. But he seemed to bear a charmed life. Again and again by daring he won. Again and again his genius and his bravery carried him through the greatest of dangers.

All this time the French and the British were only supposed to be helping the native rulers. But the real struggle was not between two Indian princes, but between France and Britain, between Clive and Dupleix. They were both great men, but Dupleix was a statesman, not a soldier. He had to trust to others to carry out his plans and orders. And the French generals were old and stupid, while against them they had a 'heaven born general' young and eager.

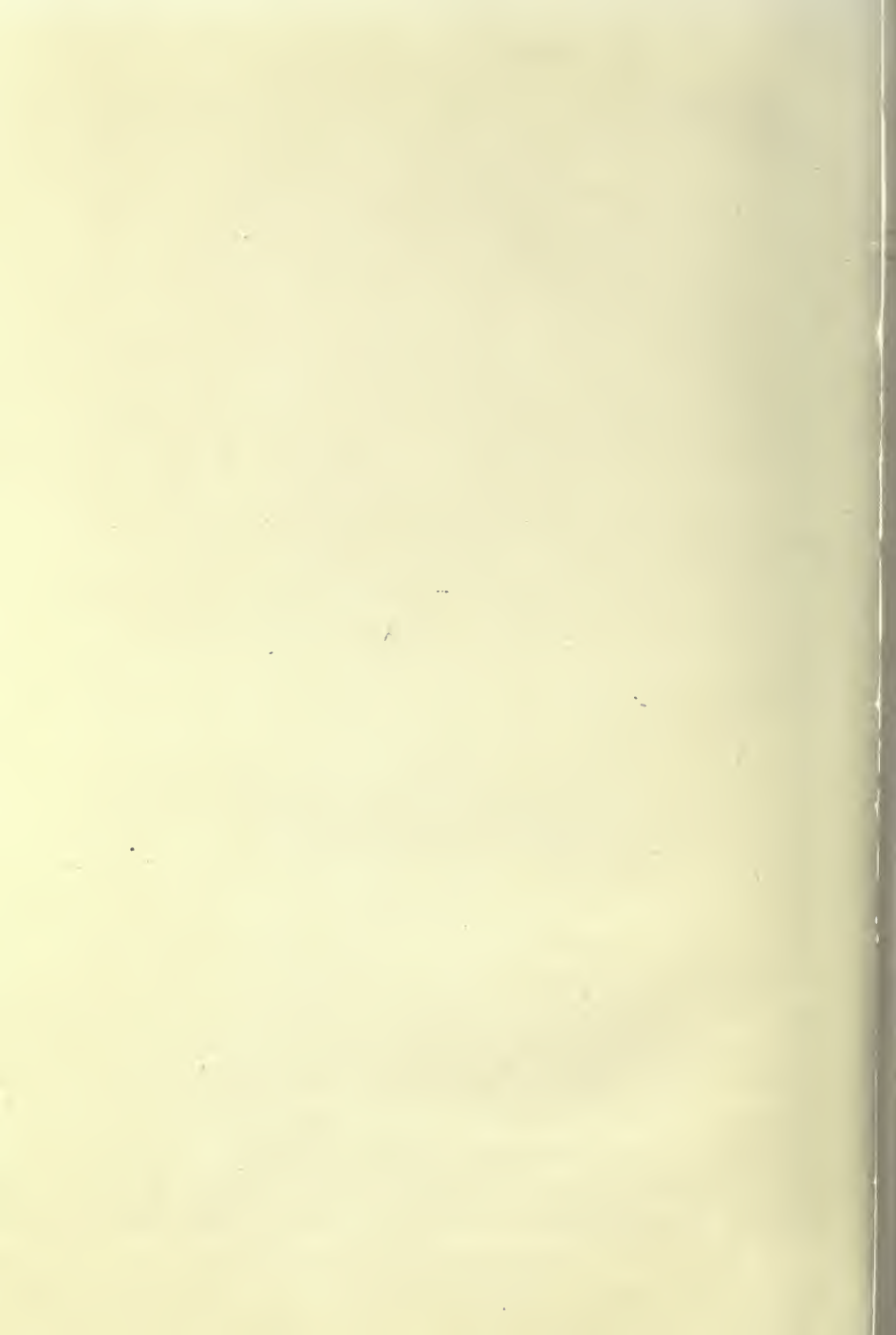
Soon it was the British, not the French, who were all-powerful in the Carnatic. The French nawab, Chanda Sahib, was killed, and the British nawab, Mohammed Ali, was put in his place.

Then Clive, weary of war, and much in need of rest, sailed home. He had set out for India a poor and rather despised boy. He came home a hero and conqueror of world-wide fame. Wherever he went he was fêted and cheered. The directors of the Company called him 'General' Clive although he was really only a captain. They loaded him with thanks, and presented him with a sword, the hilt of which was set with diamonds.



‘CLIVE FIRED ONE OF THE GUNS HIMSELF.’





Meanwhile Dupleix, Clive's great rival, struggled on trying to win back for France what had been lost. But he got little help or encouragement from home. His king did not care and did not understand what a great kingdom Dupleix had won, and with proper help might have been able to keep for him,—a kingdom larger than the whole of France itself. So at last Dupleix was called home in disgrace. For a few years he lived miserably, and at last died forsaken. Three days before he died he wrote, 'I have given my youth, my fortune, my life, to enrich my country in Asia. My services are treated as fables, and I as the vilest of mankind. La Bourdonnais too had been disgraced and imprisoned and died in misery.

They were not the last men who were to earn world-wide fame in India, and disgrace at home.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE BLACK HOLE

WHILE these things were passing in the Carnatic the British at Calcutta had been trading quietly, growing rich and prosperous, at peace with their Nawab. But in 1759 the Nawab died. He was succeeded by his adopted grandson, Suraj-ud-Daula, or, as the British soldiers and sailors called him, 'Sir Roger Dowler.'

Suraj-ud-Daula was bad and cruel. He hated the British and soon managed to pick a quarrel with them. He had several make-believe reasons for quarrelling with them. One was that they had sheltered some of his enemies. Another was that they had begun to strengthen their fortifications without leave. The real reason was that he believed that the British were very wealthy and that vast treasure was gathered in Calcutta. He was greedy as well as cruel, and he wanted this treasure for himself.

He now suddenly seized a factory at Cossimbazar which was near his capital. He plundered it and took all the British prisoner. Among the prisoners was a young man called Warren Hastings. Of him we shall hear again.

Having plundered and destroyed Cossimbazar, Suraj-ud-Daula marched in haste against Calcutta with fifty thousand men.

The walls of Calcutta were weak, the guns on Fort William old and very nearly useless. Around the town



was a half-dug ditch, begun years before but never finished. Of the garrison not two hundred were British soldiers and not ten of them had ever been in battle in their lives. Among them was no man with knowledge or courage enough to be a leader.

When the news that the Nawab and his army were coming reached Calcutta, everything was thrown into wild disorder. Batteries and earth-works were built in haste, but without any real knowledge of how best to defend the fort. Messages were sent to the Dutch and French factories near, begging for help. It was refused.

On Wednesday, the 16th June, the Nawab's army swarmed into the native town around the fort, and fighting began. It was a fight at fearful odds. There were less than two hundred white men against a rabble of fifty thousand dark-faced heathen, mad with hate and greed.

On Friday night the women and children, of whom there were many in the fort, were all taken safely to the ships which lay in the river. With them, to their shame be it said, went the president and the captain of the garrison. Then they sailed away leaving their comrades in the fort to their fate. In vain those left behind made signs to the ships to stop and wait. It would be dangerous the captain said, and he sailed on. Had they waited another tide every man in the fort might have been saved.

Forsaken by their leader, the garrison chose a Mr. Holwell to be their head, and for two days longer the fort held out. But although Mr. Holwell did his best he was neither a soldier nor a leader of men. He could not keep the men in order, or make them fight and hope when all was hopeless. They became unruly, broke into the store, and were soon helplessly drunk. The Nawab's

soldiers swarmed everywhere. Resistance was useless, and on Sunday afternoon the British yielded.

There were one hundred and forty-six prisoners, among them one lady who had refused to leave her husband. For a short time they were gathered in the square of the barracks. There they stood and talked together, watching the flames from the burning town leap and flicker against the fast darkening sky, listening to the wild cries which reached them from without, and wondering what would be their fate.

Then suddenly they were all ordered to march into a small prison house at the end of the barracks. This was a room about eighteen feet square with only two tiny barred windows. It was known as the Black Hole.

At first the prisoners refused to believe the order. But striking them with their clubs, driving them at the sword's point, the Indians forced them in. Then the door was shut.

In the tiny space there was no room to move. The prisoners were packed tightly against each other. The evening was hot and still. The breathless heat of an Indian summer night was made worse by the flames and smoke from the burning buildings all around. In a few minutes the heat became intolerable. Gasping for breath, raging with thirst, the wretched prisoners beat upon the door and shouted to their jailers to let them out. They threatened, they implored, all in vain.

Instead of opening the door the natives brought lighted torches to the windows, so that they might the better see the agonies of their victims.

'Water, water,' gasped the stifling wretches. Water at last was brought, but the skins in which it was carried could not be passed through the bars of the windows. It was poured into hats, it was spilled upon the ground, men

fought for it like beasts, trampling each other down in their eagerness for a few drops which in the end only made their thirst the more unbearable.

Then came the bitter cry for 'Air, air.' Those who were far from the windows struggled and fought like demons to get near. Some fainted and slipping to the ground were trampled to death. Many went mad with horror and pain, and in the morning when at last the long agony was over, only twenty-three moaning, stricken spectres crept out. Among them was the lady who would not leave her husband. But she was alone, for he lay among the dead.



## CHAPTER X

### THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY

CLIVE did not stay long in England. He soon returned to India with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and upon the terrible day of the Black Hole he landed again at Fort St. David. But in those days news travelled slowly, and it was not until August that the people of Madras heard of the cruel deed. Then, gathering an army of fifteen thousand sepoys and nine hundred British soldiers, Clive set out to avenge the death of his fellow-countrymen. The little army went by sea, with Admiral Watson in command of the ships. Madras is a long way from Calcutta, and sailing in those days was a slow business, for the ships were often at the mercy of the winds. And although Clive set out in October, it was December before he reached Bengal.

Clive lost no time in attacking the Nawab, and very soon Calcutta was in his hands. The Nawab marched to meet Clive with thousands of soldiers, with elephants, and horses, and cannon, which were both great and many. But Clive, with his little army, beat the Nawab so thoroughly that he was soon suing for peace.

This Clive granted, the Nawab promising to restore all that he had stolen from Calcutta and to give more privileges to the British than they had had before. This was not a great triumph, and it hardly seemed as if Suraj-ud-Daula was punished enough for his cruel treat-

ment of the British. But perhaps Clive thought that it would be difficult to force him to do more as he was so powerful.

But Suraj-ud-Daula was treacherous as well as cruel. He had made promises, which he never meant to keep, merely in order to gain peace. Now he tried in every way that he could to wriggle out of these promises. He secretly wrote to the French and asked them to help him against the British. He did all manner of things, changing his mind again and again.

Clive at last grew tired of the Nawab's lying and wriggling, and made up his mind to put an end to it.

Britain and France were again at war, for the Seven Years' War had begun. So Clive now besieged the French factory at Chandranagor. The French fought bravely, but Clive was more than a match for them, and after ten days they gave in.

With the loss of Chandranagor French power in the north of India was at an end. For more than eighty years they had struggled with their rivals, the British, in trade. Now that struggle was over. Clive, having thus put an end to Suraj-ud-Daula's hope of help from the French, next turned to crush him.

Suraj-ud-Daula, who was wicked and treacherous, was hated by all, and many even of his own followers were ready to betray him. Now, although it does not seem a very fine thing to do, Clive joined with these traitors in order to bring about the downfall of the Nawab.

Mir Jafar, the commander-in-chief of Suraj-ud-Daula's army, was one of the discontented. Now Clive promised to make him Nawab if he would betray his master.

Another of the traitors was Omi Chand, a very wealthy and very greedy Indian banker.

Clive plotted with these men, and all was nearly arranged when Omi Chand threatened to tell the Nawab all about it, unless the British promised him an immense sum of money for himself.

Omi Chand was as wicked and as treacherous as Suraj-ud-Daula, 'The greatest villain upon earth,' Clive calls him, and he thought that the best way to meet his lying was by lying. Clive had two treaties drawn up. One was written upon red paper and one on white. The one on red paper was only a sham treaty and in it Omi Chand was promised all that he wanted. In the other, which was the real treaty, his name was not mentioned. All the council signed both treaties except Admiral Watson. He would have nothing to do with the deceit. But Clive was not to be stopped, and some one else signed Admiral Watson's name for him.

Of course this was wrong, and this deed shows like a black blot among all the splendid and brave acts of Clive's life. But the position of the British in India was full of danger. They were but a handful of white men in the midst of millions of dark foes, and Clive thought that it was only by meeting treachery by treachery that he could save them all from death. And he was never ashamed of it.

Long afterward, when his enemies accused him of this deed, he said that he would do it again if the need came, 'Yes, a hundred times!'

When Clive was ready to fight he sent a letter to Suraj-ud-Daula which made him see that he could no longer trifle. Then he gathered his army and marched to Plassey to meet the foe.

But now Mir Jafar, who had quarrelled with the Nawab, made friends or seemed to make friends with



him again. Clive knew not what to do. Was Mir Jafar going to keep his word and help him, or was he not? Without his help the risk of a battle was almost too great. If the British lost, it would mean an end to their power in Bengal. In this difficulty Clive called a council of war, and asked his officers what they would advise. 'Shall we attack or shall we wait for more help?' he asked. Seven officers voted to attack, thirteen, Clive himself among them, voted to wait.

So it was settled. There was to be no battle.

After the council was over, Clive went away by himself and walked about for an hour thinking it all out again. As he was sitting under some trees still in doubt, a letter from Mir Jafar was brought to him. In this letter Mir Jafar swore that he was still faithful to Clive. This might be true or it might be false, but Clive had made up his mind. He would fight, come what would. Returning to the camp he gave orders to march.

At six o'clock in the morning of 23rd June 1757, the battle of Plassey began, and by five in the afternoon the huge Indian army with elephants and camels, horses and clumsy ox-drawn cannon, was fleeing from the field. Mir Jafar had not helped Clive, neither, however, had he helped the Nawab. He had stood aloof waiting to see which side would win. And when the Nawab's most trusty general was killed and the Nawab himself in despair threw his turban on the ground at Mir Jafar's feet, begging for help, Mir Jafar soothed him with soft words. But instead of helping him he sent more messages to Clive.

Plassey is one of the most important of Indian battles. It is not important because of the number killed—on Clive's side there were only twenty-two and on the Nawab's five or six hundred. It is important

because at one blow it gave to Britain the whole of Bengal, for Mir Jafar was merely a tool in the hands of the British.

When the battle was over Mir Jafar was not sure how Clive would receive him. But Clive had got all that he wanted, so he greeted him as the new Nawab, and with the usual great ceremonies he was seated upon the throne.

But when Omi Chand appeared to receive his reward it was very different. Clive, although he was many years in India, never learned to speak any of the Indian tongues. So now he turned to his secretary, 'It is time to undeceive Omi Chand,' he said.

'Omi Chand,' said the secretary, 'the red treaty is a trick. You are to have nothing.'

The greedy banker could hardly believe his ears. Already he had been gloating over his ill-gotten gains. The shock of disappointment was too great. He fell back fainting in the arms of his servants. He never recovered from the bitter blow. His mind was so shattered that he became quite foolish and childish and died some months later.

Suraj-ud-Daula fell into the hands of Mir Jafar who put his late master cruelly to death. In this the British had no hand.

But Mir Jafar, although he had got what he wanted, and was Nawab, soon found that it was not all a bed of roses. He had to pay immense sums of money to the British as a reward for having made him Nawab. To get this money he ground his people cruelly. Used as they were to tyranny, the oppression of Mir Jafar was more than even they could bear, and they rebelled. Outside enemies threatened him too, and to put the rebellion down and drive out these enemies, Mir Jafar was obliged to ask help from Clive.

Clive gave the help but demanded still more money. So the Nawab was little better off than before.

Mir Jafar raged with wrath. He felt that he was a mere puppet and that the British were the real rulers and he longed to be rid of them. So now he began to plot with the Dutch, who still had a factory in Bengal. But in a fight both by land and sea the British beat the Dutch. The power of Holland in India was destroyed for ever, and the British were supreme in Bengal.



## CHAPTER XI

### TIMES OF MISRULE

IN 1760 Clive again sailed home. He was only thirty-five but he was now enormously rich, a great soldier and conqueror, and perhaps the most famous man of his day. In England he was received with joy. Honours were heaped upon him. He was made a peer and became Lord Clive, Baron Plassey.

But while Clive was being fêted and feasted at home, Bengal was quickly sinking into a state of fearful confusion.

Many of the British hated Mir Jafar, as he had been leader of the troops at the time of the Black Hole. They made up their minds to depose him and to set his son-in-law, Mir Cossim, in his place. This they very quickly did. But they soon found that the new Nawab was not so easily dealt with as the old, and quarrels began.

Mir Jafar had been old and feeble and a mere tool in the hands of the British. Mir Cossim was young and clever, and anxious to free himself from their power. They, it was true, had put him on the throne, but he had paid them for that, and now he tried to show that he meant to rule without their help or their interference.

The officers of the Company were very badly paid, some of them indeed receiving only a few pounds a year. It was quite impossible to live in India on such small

sums. So, instead of attending to the work of the Company only, every officer became a merchant on his own account, and bought and sold to the natives. This was called private trading and was forbidden by the directors of the Company, but in spite of that it was still continued.

Soon all the trade of Bengal was in the hands of the white people, and the native traders were ruined. For they had to pay duty while the British were allowed to trade everywhere without paying duty. If a boat hoisted a British flag, or a trader showed a Company's passport, he could buy or sell as he pleased. The Company's officers made a great deal of money by selling passes to people who had nothing to do with the Company. They forced the natives to sell their goods cheaply, and made them pay dear for what they bought. In fact, they did as they liked. The whole land was filled with misery, and these years have been called the darkest in the history of British rule in India.

The native people were utterly miserable, and the Nawab, too, became poor, for a great deal of his money came from customs and duties. And now all the money from them went into the pockets of the Company's servants. Mir Cossim tried his best to make the British stop this inland trade and keep to the trade between India and Europe. This made the British traders angry, and both sides prepared for war.

Mir Cossim gathered his army at his capital, Monghyr, on the Ganges. He thus lay between the British at Calcutta and at Patna, where they had another factory.

The factory at Patna had no defences, and seeing themselves cut off from their friends, the British attacked and took the town of Patna, hoping to be able to defend themselves there. But they were not strong enough to

keep the town, and the soldiers of the Nawab attacked and took it again from them. Many of the British were killed, and all the rest were taken prisoner.

Mir Cossim rejoiced greatly at this victory, but when the British at Calcutta heard of it they were very wrathful, and, to punish Mir Cossim, they dethroned him, and again made Mir Jafar Nawab.

Mir Jafar was by this time not only old, but ill and foolish. The traders, however, did not want a real ruler, they only wanted a figure-head, and he did as well as any other.

The British now sent an army against Mir Cossim, and as they marched towards Patna, they beat his soldiers again and again. Then a massacre, quite as bad as that of the Black Hole, took place. For the Nawab, mad with anger, ordered his men to kill all the British prisoners.

They had been shut up in a large house built round a square. Now three of the chief of them were brought out into this square, and there cruelly put to death. The Indians were then ordered to fire upon the rest who were quite unarmed. Against their fierce, dark foes, the white men defended themselves as best they could with bottles, sticks, bits of furniture, anything that they could find. But it was all useless, and soon the last man fell dead and their bodies were thrown into a well.

So the war began, and soon the whole country was ablaze, for the Nawab of Oudh and the Great Mogul both joined with Mir Cossim against the British. But they, when they heard of the massacre of Patna, swept with an avenging army over the land. For months the war lasted, and ended with the battle of Buxar. This was a victory as important as Plassey, for it made the British secure as the greatest power in India.

The Nawab of Oudh and the Great Mogul made



peace. Utterly vanquished, Mir Cossim fled, to die a few years later in wretched exile. Yet Mir Cossim, with all his cruelty, had been a clever ruler. He had tried to do the best for his own people, and much of the trouble and war was no doubt due to the misrule of the Company's officers, which was such 'as to make the very name of Briton a shame.'

In those days it took a long time for news to travel home. But now every ship brought news of battles, revolutions, loss. At length the directors began to be alarmed. Filled with grief at the awful news of Patna, wearied with constant tidings of disaster and war, they begged Lord Clive to go back to India again and try to bring order once more into the terrible confusion there. And in 1764 Clive sailed again for Bengal.

When Clive arrived he found that poor old Mir Jafar was dead, and that the Company had enthroned another Nawab. He found, too, everything in such confusion that he wept 'for the lost fame of the British nation.'

For eighteen months Clive stayed in India working hard. He had immense difficulties to fight—difficulties with the directors at home, with the Council in India, with the British soldiers and officers, with the natives and their rulers. But Clive had a will of iron, and all that one man could do, he did. He sent away the men who had done the worst deeds, he put down mutinies, he made treaties with the native rulers, and at last brought some sort of order out of wild disorder. But he made many enemies and wore his health out, and after eighteen months he again went home.

At first he was received with honour as before, and thanked for all that he had done. But soon his enemies began to attack him. They recalled again the deceit he had used against Omi Chand, they accused him of taking

bribes, and of many other wicked deeds. Against these accusations Clive had to defend himself before the House of Commons. And he defended himself so well that the Commons, after much stormy debate, passed a resolution, 'That Robert, Lord Clive, did render great and meritorious services to his country.'

So Clive won the victory over his enemies. But the struggle had left him sad. He could not forget it. He suffered much, too, from a painful disease brought on by his hard life in India. And one day his friends found him dead, killed by his own hand. He was only forty-eight.

## CHAPTER XII

### WARREN HASTINGS, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL

WHEN Clive left India, the British were really the rulers of all Bengal. There was still a Nawab, who lived in state, but he had really no power. He was a mere pretence. There was still a great Mogul, but he had neither land nor people, having been driven from his throne by the Afghans. He was even a greater pretence than the Nawab. But to him Clive agreed to pay £260,000 a year for the province in Bengal, thus still owning him as over-lord.

The revenues of Bengal, that is, all the money coming from taxes and customs, which are, as a rule, paid to the king or government, were now paid to the Company. But of this revenue they allowed the Nawab a salary, and paid the 'tribute' to the Mogul.

But although the British were now, it might be said, the owners of the land, they did not trouble themselves about the happiness of the people. They took the money, but with it they took none of the duties of rulers, and soon the misery and poverty of the people became greater than before. The old Nawabs had perhaps spent their money badly, but they had at least spent it in the country. Now, that money was sent to China to buy tea and silks for the Company, or the officers of the Company took it home to spend in England. Thus, much of the wealth of India, instead of being 'circulated,' that is, passed from



hand to hand among the people of India, was taken right out of the country, and the natives grew daily poorer and poorer.

A few only made money. These were the rent collectors. Now that the Nawab and his officers had no power, there was no one who could keep these native collectors in check. For the British did not know how much the land was worth, or how much rent the farmers paid, or ought to pay. They had to believe what the native collectors told them, and they, knowing this, ground the poor to the last farthing, paying what they chose to the Company, and growing rich themselves. In a few years the state of Bengal was again one of hopeless misery and confusion.

To make matters worse, in 1770 a fearful famine swept the land. Since then many famines have desolated India, but this was the first which had happened under British rule. Those in power were quite unprepared for it and knew not what to do.

The misery was awful. The people, worn to skeletons, died by thousands. They fell by the wayside, many lay unburied, poisoning the air, many were thrown into the rivers, until the waters became so foul that people dared not even eat the fish. The farmers sold their cattle and their tools to buy food. They even sold their children, until no one could be found to buy any more. They ate the leaves of the trees and the grass of the field, until there was no green thing left. Horrible diseases followed in the train of famine, and when at last the misery was over, a third of the people had died.

Many of those who still remained alive were ruined. It was impossible to gather rent from the starving and the penniless, and the Company received little or no money.

Now, at last, the directors at home saw that there must be a change. They had ceased from being mere merchants to become rulers, and they must take up the duties of rulers. Some one, with a mind beyond buying and selling, must be at the head of the government. So it was that in 1772, Warren Hastings was made Governor of Bengal and first Governor-General of India. As Governor-General he ruled not only over Bengal, but over Madras, Bombay, and all British possessions in India.

Warren Hastings had, you remember, been taken prisoner at Cossimbazar before the Black Hole tragedy. He had escaped from there, had fought at Plassey, and after a time gone home. He was now forty, and had been in the Company's service since the age of eighteen. He was not a soldier like Clive, he was a statesman. But, like Clive, who became a soldier without any training, he had become a statesman in the same way.

Clive, by the sword, had won a great empire. It was Hastings who kept it and made British rule in India sure.

When the new Governor came to Bengal he found a hard task before him. Everywhere there was confusion and oppression, and into this confusion he brought some rough order and justice. But in the doing of it he made many bitter enemies, enemies more bitter even than those Clive had made for himself. They hindered his work and made his life hard and difficult at the time, and they so blackened his name, that for a hundred years or more, people believed that Warren Hastings was a cruel, hard, unjust ruler. Now it has been shown that at a very difficult time he tried to do his best for the people of India and for the Company. And if he made mistakes, we may well believe that most men of his time would have made more.

One of the first things which Warren Hastings did was to place British collectors over the native collectors in order to try to find out how much rent the farmers really paid. And although, for want of money and proper helpers, he could not make things quite right, still he made them better.

He appointed judges to go round to the different towns and try those who had been thrown into prison, and often left there until they were almost forgotten. And although there were still Indian judges, a British judge, or collector, was always there to see that no cruel, barbarous punishment was carried out. In these, and other ways, Warren Hastings laid the foundations of British rule in India.



## CHAPTER XIII

### WARREN HASTINGS—WAR

ALTHOUGH Hastings was no soldier he had battles to fight.

The Maráthás were a tribe of warlike Indians who every year swept over the land plundering and destroying. At first they were little more than mounted robbers, burning villages, wasting harvests, leaving a track of death and desolation behind them. But, as years went on, their power grew greater and greater. From a band of raiders they had grown to be a wealthy nation with a great army of well-drilled soldiers, and now they declared that they would conquer all India.

Another people, called the Rohillas, lived in Northern India. Rohilla means mountaineer. These mountaineers were a wild and warlike set of raiders who had come from the hills of Afghanistan and settled in Northern India. The land of which they had taken possession they called Rohilkhand, or land of the Rohillas.

The Maráthás now made war on the Rohillas, and they, in their need, begged the Nawab of Oudh to help them. The Nawab promised to do this if they would pay him a large sum of money. This the Rohillas gladly said they would do, but when, with the Nawab's help, the Maráthás had been driven back, the Rohillas refused to pay.

For this the Nawab of Oudh resolved to punish them, and he asked Hastings to help him.

Hastings did not want to fight the Rohillas. Neither

did he want to offend the Nawab of Oudh, who was now friendly. For Oudh lies next to Bengal, and Hastings was anxious to keep a friendly state between British India and the states around, where the princes were always fighting with each other. He wanted a 'buffer state' in fact—a state to soften the blows which might be aimed at him.

He was also in need of money, for the directors kept writing letters saying, 'Be just, govern well, but send us money.' It was very hard to do both as things then were. So now Hastings decided that, although the British had no quarrel with the Rohillas, it would be well to help the people of Oudh to fight them if the Nawab would pay for the help. The Nawab readily promised a large sum of money, and the Company's soldiers were sent to help him against his enemies.

In a battle, which the British leader called the battle of St. George because it was fought on St. George's day, the Rohillas were utterly defeated and their leader slain.

The most of the fighting had as usual fallen to the share of the British. But when the Rohillas had been beaten, when they broke and scattered, when before the glittering bayonets of the redcoats they swept forward in mad flight, then the men of Oudh dashed after them and began a fearful slaughter and pillage. The Rohillas left all their camp baggage behind, and while the men of Oudh plundered it, the British soldiers looked on somewhat scornful and discontented. 'We have the honour of the day, these robbers the profit,' they said as they saw the piles of gold and gems and rich stuffs laden upon camels and elephants to be carried back to Oudh.

But the Nawab paid the money he had promised, and the British had still a friendly state upon their borders.

Soon after this, three new councillors were sent out from England to Calcutta. These three men knew

nothing of India or of the Indian people. They were jealous of Hastings and angry at the things he did. On the council there were now five—Hastings, and one friend, and these three. But as the three always voted together, and against the Governor and his friend, for some years they did very much as they liked, and although he was Governor-General, Hastings had really little power.

The natives soon began to see that Sahib Warren Hostein, as they called him, was no longer all powerful, and now one of them, who hated him, thought that the time was come when he might be overthrown.

This man was called Nuncomar. He was one of the most important among the natives, but he was a bad old man. Yet, although he was bad, he was clever and useful. So the directors told Hastings to employ him. Hastings did, but he disliked the old villain so much that he would rather have had nothing to do with him. Nuncomar knew this very well, and he became the Governor-General's deadly enemy.

Now, knowing that the three English gentlemen on the council were also the enemies of Hastings, Nuncomar wrote a letter to them, accusing Hastings of taking bribes and of other wickedness.

The letter was read at the council, and the three wished to bring Nuncomar in to hear what he had to say. The idea that these Englishmen should take the word of a wicked old Indian against one of themselves was more than Hastings could bear. He was very angry. 'I will not suffer Nuncomar to appear before the board as my accuser,' he said. 'I know what belongs to my dignity as head of it. I will not sit at this board as a criminal, nor do I acknowledge the members as my judges.' Then Hastings left the room.

But the council would not be stopped, for they intended



to ruin Hastings. When he had gone they made one of themselves chairman. Nuncomar was called in and questioned, and without more ado, and without any proof, they decided that Hastings had been guilty of bribery, and ordered him to repay the money he had taken.

Hastings of course refused. He did not admit that the three had any right to try or condemn him. And now other natives, terrified by the threats of Nuncomar, or bribed by his gold, made bold to accuse Hastings of all manner of cruelty and injustice. It seemed as if the authority of the Governor-General was at an end, and that there was nothing left for him but to give up his post and go home.

Then suddenly bad old Nuncomar was accused in his turn of forgery. To forge, in this sense, means to make something false, meaning, for some wicked reason, to pretend that it is real. Nuncomar had written out a paper making believe that it was written by some one else, and by this means had got a large sum of money to which he had no right.

This was only one of the many bad things which Nuncomar had done in his life. But it was enough. He was seized, put in prison, and tried before four British judges. They, finding that he was guilty, condemned him to death. Nowadays, no man would be hanged for forgery, but in those days it was the law of Britain. It was not, however, the law among the Indians. Indeed, lying and cheating did not seem to them to be very wicked.

Besides, Nuncomar was a Brahmin. The people of India were divided into castes or classes. Of the four chief castes, the highest and sacred class was the Brahmin. Next came the Royal caste, then the Merchant, and last,

the Sudras or slave or servant caste. Each caste kept strictly to itself, and no man might marry any one who was not of his own caste, so they never became mixed. There are still castes in India, but the two middle classes have almost passed away, and the Sudras are split up into many sub-castes.

Brahmins were looked upon as sacred. If any one killed one even by mistake, the deed was looked upon with horror. Now the people of India found it hard to believe that their terrible white masters really meant, of set purpose, to put a Brahmin to death. They shuddered at the thought. But Nuncomar was hated by all, and no man, either British or Indian, not even his friends the three councillors, tried to save him.

And so one August morning a great crowd, brown-faced, bright-eyed, eager and wondering, gathered to see the end of the mighty Brahmin. Nuncomar marched to death in a calm and stately manner. His white head was bowed to a dishonoured grave, but he showed neither fear nor shame. Around him his friends wept and howled in an agony of farewell. But he stood unmoved. It was God's will, he said. And so with unshaken, eastern calm he died.

Breathless, wide eyed, the swaying crowd watched. Then when all was over, they fled shrieking with fear and horror, many in their terror plunging into the waters of the Hooghly. So great was the shock of this deed to the Indian mind that not a few Brahmin families fled from the town altogether, and for years it was looked upon as a place accursed.

The death of Nuncomar removed Hastings' greatest enemy, and because he was Hastings' enemy, and because one of the judges was Hastings' friend, it was said that the Governor-General had tried to have Nuncomar hanged.

But there was never any real reason for believing that. Nuncomar was hanged, not because he was Hastings' enemy, but because he was found guilty of forgery, and, according to the ideas of the time, was deserving of death.

One enemy was thus removed, yet Hastings had still to fight his councillors, who hated him as much or even more than before. But first one died, and then another, and the third and bitterest went home, leaving Hastings at last free to rule as he thought best.

Meantime, while Hastings was struggling to hold and rule British India, the government at home was flinging away the colonies on the other side of the world, for the war of American Independence had begun. The French helped the Americans, and war between Great Britain and France was declared. In India, too, there was war—in Bombay, Madras, and Bengal. There was war with the Maráthás; there was war with a fierce Mohammedan leader called Hyder Ali, who, after deposing the rightful ruler of Mysore, swept the Carnatic with his terrible host, and swore to conquer all Southern India; there was war with the French who still possessed Pondicherry and some other towns. They helped the Maráthás, and still more they helped Hyder Ali. There were battles and sieges, defeats and victories.

But in 1782 Hyder Ali died, weary of warring against a powerful nation who might have been his friends, and begging his son to make peace. The Maráthás, too, made peace, promising no more to help the enemies of the British, and in 1783, the news of the Peace of Versailles reached India and put an end to the war between French and British. So everywhere there was peace.

Then in 1785, after sixteen years of toil, Warren Hastings sailed home, leaving all India at rest.



At first Hastings was received with honour even as Clive had been. But his enemies had been at work, and before many months had passed, he was called to account for many of his deeds in India.

Hastings was impeached. In Great Britain to impeach means the process by which any man may be called upon by the Commons to defend himself before the House of Lords, for treason or other high crimes against the state.

Hastings was accused of cruelty, bribery, and misrule in many ways. He knew that the charges brought against him were for the most part untrue, or so twisted by hate as to seem much worse than they were, and he defended himself well. 'Every department of the government which now exists in Bengal,' he said, 'is of my making. The office formed for the service of the revenue, the courts of civil and criminal justice were created by me. To sum up all, I kept these provinces in a state of peace, plenty, and safety, when every other member of the British Empire was full of wars and tumults. The valour of others won; I enlarged and gave shape to the dominion you hold there. I preserved it. I maintained the wars which were of your making or that of others, not of mine. I am accused of desolating the provinces in India which are the most flourishing of all the states in India. It was I who made them so. I gave you all; and you reward me with confiscation, disgrace, and a life of impeachment.'

But in spite of all that Hastings might say, the trial dragged on for seven long years, filling his life with anxiety and trouble. But at last it came to an end, and the Lords declared Hastings 'not guilty.'

So the little, bald old man, who yet looked every inch a great man, went away to live quietly in his beautiful

house, there to forget in a simple country life the glories and the troubles of the first Governor-General of India.

Once, many years later, when Parliament wished to know something about India, Hastings was called upon to attend. As he entered, the Commons received him with cheers. They listened respectfully to what he had to say, and, when he had finished, they rose to a man and stood bareheaded until he had passed from the hall. The Lords, too, treated him with like honour. So it seemed that even in his own day, his name was cleared. Yet there were many people who still believed that Hastings had been a cruel ruler. There are many who believe so to this day. Of course many things were done in those first years of British rule in India which would seem very terrible to us now. But we cannot judge those times as we would our own. And the people of Bengal did not think of Hastings as cruel. To them he was a deliverer rather than a tyrant. The men admired him, and the women sang their children to sleep with songs of the wealth and the might of the great Sahib Warren Hostein.

At last, at the great age of eighty-seven, Hastings died. To the end he was a kindly, cheerful, brave old man, taking an interest in all around him, and ruling his estate with as great care as he had ruled the broad lands of India.

## CHAPTER XIV

### TIPPOO SULTAN

IN 1786, the year after Hastings came home, Lord Cornwallis went out to India as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. Unlike Hastings or the governors before him, Lord Cornwallis was not in the service of the Company. He was the first Governor who had had nothing to do with the Company, and he was the first British peer to rule in India.

When Lord Cornwallis was first asked to go to India he refused. 'I have no wish,' he said, 'to forsake my children and every comfort on this side of the grave to quarrel with the Supreme Government of India whatever it may be; and finally to run the risk of being beaten by some Nawab and disgraced to all eternity.' But at length, 'with grief of heart,' he consented to go.

Lord Cornwallis tried to keep the peace in India which Hastings had left. But he soon found himself forced into war with Tippoo Sultan the 'tiger of Mysore,' the son of the fierce Hyder Ali. At first Tippoo got the best of things, but in the end he was defeated. He was made to pay a large sum of money, and to give his two sons into the keeping of Lord Cornwallis as surety that he would keep the peace.

Cornwallis improved what Hastings had begun both as to the collecting of rents and the courts of justice. In this he was helped by Mr. John Shore, who, when Lord



Cornwallis went home, became for a short time Governor-General. He was made a baronet and later became Lord Teignmouth.

He was the first British ruler to put down one of the terrible Indian customs. This was called 'sitting in dharna.'

The life of a Brahmin was, as you remember, sacred, and any man who killed a Brahmin, or even who caused his death without meaning it, was accursed. If a Brahmin therefore hated a Hindu for any cause, he simply sat down on his doorstep and refused to move, to eat, to drink, or to sleep. This was sitting in dharna.

The poor Hindu dared not go out or in, for fear of injuring the Brahmin. He dared not eat or drink, while the Brahmin fasted. He was caught like an animal in a trap. There was no escape, and he stayed there until he died of hunger and fear.

Lord Teignmouth made sitting in dharna a crime, and so one horrible custom was done away with.

The next Governor-General was Lord Wellesley, the elder brother of Arthur Wellesley who was later the great Duke of Wellington.

At this time Napoleon was conquering Egypt. To him this was merely the first step towards India. He meant to conquer that too, and drive the British out. So the French became very busy in India. Tippoo Sultan, who had already been beaten by Lord Cornwallis, made a secret treaty with the French against the British. And both the Nizam of the Deccan and the Maráthás had large armies which were officered by Frenchmen. So when Lord Wellesley arrived in India, he found himself, as it were, surrounded by Frenchmen. He quite expected any day to see French ships arrive to help Tippoo, or the Nizam, or the Maráthás.

Lord Wellesley, like nearly all the British of his day, hated the French and doubly hated Napoleon. And he was as full of dreams of driving the French out of India as Napoleon was of driving the British out. Lord Wellesley's thoughts were not at all turned to trade. He thought only of Empire, so his first desire was to get rid of the French officers and sepoy, and try to persuade the native rulers to make friends with the British, instead of with the French.

The Nizam was quite willing to be friends with the British, for he thought that they would protect him from the Maráthás, who were now the strongest native power in all India, and who were eager to be still greater. So some British troops were sent to the Nizam's capital, Hyderabad. Then the French sepoy were drawn up and told that they were no longer needed, and might go. But the sepoy had not been paid for months, and when they realised that they were being sent away without being paid, murmurs and then yells of discontent broke from the ranks. At the best of times they were a wild, undisciplined army. Now they turned upon their French officers with such fury, that they fled to the British camp for refuge.

When the British heard what the riot was about, they paid the men. Greatly delighted at their unexpected good fortune, the sepoy scattered to their homes, and in a few hours the Nizam's French army had vanished. The officers were sent home to France. Wellesley promised to help the Nizam with British soldiers, should he be attacked, and the Nizam, on his side, promised not to go to war without first asking British consent. Thus one enemy was got rid of, and soon all fear of invasion by the French was over, for the news that Nelson had shattered their fleet in the Nile was brought to India.

Lord Wellesley next tried to make peace with the Maráthás. But the Maráthás were not at all anxious to make friends with the British. They were great and powerful, and feared no one. They were willing enough to help the British in battle if they were paid. But they were just as willing to help their enemies. They would fight for those who paid most.

With Tippoo there was no making friends at all. He hated the British too thoroughly, and in 1799 war with him began. Among the British leaders in this war was Colonel Arthur Wellesley.

Battles were fought in which Tippoo was beaten again and again, and at last he was shut up in his capital, Seringapatam.

Now Tippoo asked for peace. 'Half your land and two million pounds,' were Lord Wellesley's terms.

Beaten though he was, these terms were too hard for Tippoo. 'Better,' he cried, 'to die like a soldier than to live a pensioned Nawab.'

For a month the siege of Seringapatam lasted. Food was growing scarce in the British camp, when at last the town was stormed and taken.

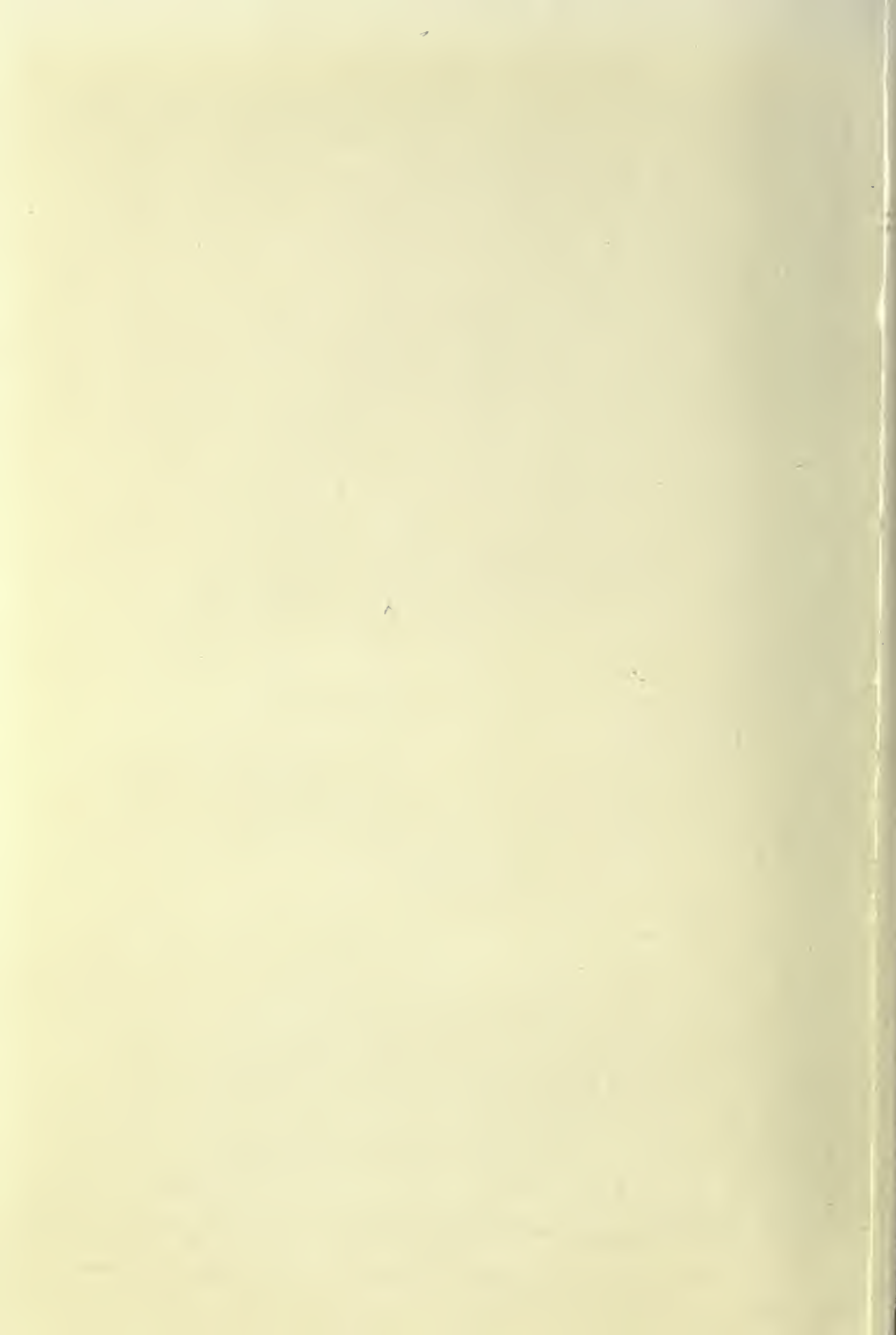
The defenders fought bravely. Among them might be seen the short, stout figure of Tippoo clad in a dress of white and crimson. But at last, wounded in four places, he fell dead. Still his soldiers fought on, and when at last Seringapatam was taken, and the British flag floated upon the walls, his body was found buried beneath those of his followers.

Tippoo, being dead, and his capital taken, the whole of his land, called Mysore, fell into the hands of the British. Lord Wellesley divided it into three. Part he put under the rule of the Company, adding it to the Madras Presidency. Part he gave to the Nizam, who had helped him





'TIPPOO SULTAN'S BODY WAS FOUND BURIED BENEATH THOSE OF HIS FOLLOWERS.'



in the war, and part he formed into a new kingdom, and upon the throne he placed a little boy, a descendant of the king whom Hyder Ali had driven out. But this kingdom was really under British rule also.

Tippoo had been such a cruel ruler, that all over India there was rejoicing at his downfall, and the people made songs about it which were remembered and sung for long after.

Fill the wine-cup fast for the storm is past,  
The tyrant Tippoo is slain at last,  
And victory smiles  
To reward the toils  
Of Britons once again.

Let the trumpet sound, and the sound go round  
Along the bound of Eastern ground;  
Let the Cymbals clang  
With a merry merry bang,  
To the joys of the next campaign.



## CHAPTER XV

### WARRIOR CHIEFTAINS

WHEN Seringapatam was taken, letters from the Nawab of the Carnatic were found in Tippoo's palace. These letters showed that the Nawab had been plotting with Tippoo against the British. The Nawab was by this time very ill, almost dying indeed. So Lord Wellesley let him die in peace, then he told his family that their treachery had been found out, and that they could no longer be allowed to reign. He then took possession of the Carnatic and added it to the Madras Presidency. Thus all the coast of India, from Bengal to Cape Comorin (except Pondicherry), was now under British rule, and instead of stretching only a mile inland, in the south of the peninsula, British possessions stretched from sea to sea.

When Wellesley wrote home to tell of these triumphs, he said, remembering what had befallen Clive and Hastings, 'I expect either to be hanged or rewarded. In either case I shall be satisfied, for an English gallows seems better than an Indian throne.'

Wellesley, however, was not hanged. He was thanked and rewarded as the conqueror of the tyrant Tippoo. He was given a large sum of money and was made an Irish marquess. But, far from thinking this honour great, he called it his 'gilt potato.' Such was the pride of 'the glorious little man' as his friends loved to call him.

The Maráthás were now the only great danger to British power in India. But they were a great danger. In the north, indeed, Oudh lay between British India and the land of the Maráthás. But the rule of the Nawab of Oudh had grown weak, and his native army became hardly more than a rabble of wild, mutinous soldiers, which cost him a great deal, and were of little use.

It was plain to Lord Wellesley, that in case of war, Oudh would be no defence. Besides the Maráthás, he feared the Afghans. He knew that often before they had descended from their mountains in conquering hordes. Now, he was afraid that once again they might attack Oudh, and from there sweep over Bengal.

So Lord Wellesley made the Nawab disband his soldiers, and in return for part of Oudh, he promised the Nawab to protect and fight for him. This was called the treaty of Lucknow, and by it, still more of India was added to the possessions of the Company.

But now the Maráthás began to quarrel among themselves, and at last their over-lord, who was called the Peshwá, fled to the British for protection.

Wellesley consented to help and protect him, but he demanded a great deal in return. The Peshwá was a weak young man, he was mad with fear, and was ready to consent to anything. And by the treaty of Bassein, signed on the 31st of December 1802, he became little else than the vassal of the Company.

The Peshwá gave up part of his land to the British; he promised not to go to war without British consent, to make no treaties whatsoever, and to take no Frenchmen or any other European into his service.

Lord Wellesley made much the same kind of treaty with several of the native princes. These treaties were called Subsidiary Alliances. A Subsidiary Alliance

means a union for help. It generally means the union of a lesser or weaker power with a greater. The Indian princes paid a 'subsidy' or sum of money, in return for which, the British promised them soldiers, help, and protection in time of war.

By making these treaties with native rulers, Wellesley hoped to force them to keep peace with each other, so that there might not only be peace within British India itself, but around its borders. But when the other Maráthá chiefs heard of the treaty of Bassein, they were very angry. They would by no means suffer the overlordship of the Company, and they prepared to fight. One of their chief leaders was called Sindhia. He was young, vain, and proud. He had hoped one day to make himself Peshwá, but now this treaty had 'taken the turban off his head,' he said.

So Sindhia gathered an army and war began. This is called the second Maráthá war, as the first was fought in the time of Hastings.

At first the Maráthás did not seem sure of what to do. They marched back and forth with restless haste, now here, now there. But at last British and Indian forces met in a great battle at Assaye.

On the British side the leader was General Arthur Wellesley. He had only a small army, but, as so often before, the small British force beat a huge Indian army. Yet the fight was fierce, and when the battle was over, many of the British lay dead. But the Maráthás were fleeing from the field and the power of Sindhia was broken. Assaye was fought on the 23rd of September 1803, and is one of the greatest of Indian battles.

Other battles, other victories followed. In the north, in Hindustan, a British army fought against the French sepoy troops. There, too, they gained victory after vic-



tory, and at last, in a battle called Láswári the French sepoys, 'who fought like demons rather than like heroes,' were scattered for ever.

The war had begun in September. It was over in December. On the 30th of that month, proud, vain Sindhia signed a treaty by which he owned the Company as over-lord.

Of all the Maráthá chieftains, only one now refused to bend to British power. His name was Jeswant Rao Holkar. He had no dreams of Empire, but was a wild, free, raiding horseman like his forefathers, who had been a terror to India. From his capital of Indore he swept out with his robber horsemen, plundering and wasting at will.

Like the freebooting Scots of old, he and his men rode with a bottle of water and a bag of grain at their saddle-bow, caring not through what desolate country they passed. They lurked in the hills, they dashed upon the enemy unawares, slaughtering stragglers, but never meeting them face to face in open battle.

While the Maráthá war lasted, Holkar robbed and plundered at will. Now he was warned to keep within his own land, and cease from hurting the friends of the British.

But Holkar was proud and haughty. The length and breadth of India was his if he chose to claim it, and he threatened to burn towns and villages and slaughter the people by hundreds and thousands, if he were not allowed to take what he thought was his due, and rob and plunder where he pleased.

This was not to be endured, so a campaign against this haughty chieftain began.

At first, things went well. Then came disaster. A small British force under Colonel Monson found itself

face to face with the whole of Holkar's army. Monson had food for only two days, and suddenly struck with fear he turned his back upon the enemy, and marched away.

Now came the wild chieftain's chance. His light horsemen followed and harassed the retreating British, dashing upon them unawares, swooping down upon stragglers, surrounding and slaying those who went in search of food. Hungry and weary the British toiled on. The rains began and the rivers became swollen and impassable torrents. The roads were churned to seas of mud in which the wheels of the gun carriages sank axle deep, so they had to be left behind and the ammunition destroyed. Wet and weary, covered with mud, stricken with sickness and famine, the men lost heart. The retreat became a rout, and after weeks of toil and suffering, a battered few reached Agra. 'I have lost the flower of the army,' writes the commander, 'and how they are to be replaced at this hour, heaven only knows. I have to lament the loss of some of the finest young men and most promising of the army.'

Holkar was now insolently triumphant and he began to besiege Delhi. But although he and his barbarous hosts swarmed around the ten miles of shattered wall and fallen rampart, they were bravely held at bay by the mere handful of determined men within. Then hearing that another British army was coming, he marched away, plundering and destroying as he went, the fires of burning villages and the blood of the slain marking the road by which he passed.

But Holkar's triumph was not for long. He, too, was beaten at last, and was sadly forced to bow the knee before the might of the British.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE MUTINY OF VELLORE

Now suddenly there came an end to Wellesley's 'forward policy' as it was called.

At first both the directors of the Company and the Parliament of Britain had been dazzled by the way in which he had brought prince after prince under the rule of the British. But the directors soon began to be annoyed and anxious too. It was trade and money that they wanted and not Empire. And instead of bringing in money, Lord Wellesley's wars swallowed it up. Then when the news that a bandit chieftain had destroyed a troop of British soldiers reached home, their patience gave out and their fears increased. They thought that the whole of the Maráthás would again rise. The idea, too, that India could only be ruled well and kept in peace by forcing the native princes to bow to British law, was new to them. They did not see the need or the use of all Lord Wellesley's alliances with native rulers. They were tired of wars, so Lord Wellesley was recalled, and Lord Cornwallis sent out again as Governor-General.

Lord Wellesley returned home a sorely disappointed man. But he left his mark on Indian history. He founded the first college for officers of the Company at Calcutta, and he may be said to be the founder of the Indian Civil Service as it is to-day.

Lord Cornwallis came to India the second time with



orders to free the princes from their treaties, and not to interfere any more in their quarrels with each other or with their subjects. But Cornwallis was now an old man, and he had not been more than ten weeks in India when he died. So the orders of the directors were not fully carried out, neither were the plans of Wellesley followed, and for two years India was full of unrest. Holkar, on the eve of being conquered, was not conquered. All his lands were given back to him, and although he was made to promise not to disturb British possessions, he burned, plundered, and slaughtered in Rajputana, which was not under British protection. Holkar became more and more haughty and wild. He fought and drank until he made himself mad, and was at length shut up as a madman, until he died.

Yet within the borders of British India there had been peace for a time. - Now suddenly it was broken.

The army officers at Madras began to think that the sepoy would look much better if they were all dressed alike. So the commander forbade them to wear earrings or 'caste' marks. They were also ordered to shave their beards and trim their moustaches all alike, and worst of all, they were made to give up wearing turbans, and told to wear a round black hat very much like what Europeans wore.

The Madras sepoy hated all these new orders, and to make matters worse, the other natives taunted them and laughed at them. They said that this was only a beginning, and that soon their white masters would force them to give up both caste and religion, and become Christian.

Stories of their discontent and anger were brought to the officers. But they did not believe them, or did not care, and they insisted that the new orders should be obeyed.

At the fortress of Vellore there lived the sons and relatives of Tippoo Sultan who had died, you remember, fighting against the British.

Here there was a garrison of less than four hundred British, and about fifteen thousand sepoy. And it was here that the anger of the sepoy broke out, encouraged, it is thought, by these Indian princes.

In the early dawn of a July morning, the sepoy silently and stealthily surrounded the barracks and the houses of the officers. All was still and quiet, when suddenly the hush of the morning was broken by the loud crack of guns. Through the windows of the barracks the sepoy poured volley after volley upon the sleeping men. Some of the officers, awakened by the noise, ran out of their houses to see what the matter was. They were shot down upon their doorsteps. Others were slaughtered in their beds. Before they could arm or defend themselves, every officer and half of the men were killed. But at last those who remained drove the mutineers back and took refuge in a jutting out part of the fortifications near the gateway. Here they awaited help, for they managed in some way to send news of the mutiny to Arcot.

In the meantime the flag of Tippoo was planted upon the walls, and the rebel sepoy were feasted by the native princes.

Help was not long in coming. Arcot was only eight miles away, and there was a brave and eager officer called Colonel Gillespie. As soon as he heard the news he gathered his men and galloped to Vellore as fast as he could. So eager was he that he outstripped his men and arrived first at the gates. He found them fast shut, and guarded by the mutineers. Alone thus against the enemy he was in great danger. But the British soldiers

on the rampart, when they saw him, buckled their sword belts together into a long rope, and, letting it down over the wall, drew the gallant colonel up into safety.

Soon the troopers and two cannon arrived. They burst the gate open, rushed in and charged the mutineers. Everywhere the rebel sepoys gave way. They could not stand before British bayonets. Some fled, others were taken prisoner, and four hundred lay dead among the narrow streets of Velore.

Colonel Gillespie with his quick action had broken the spirit of the mutiny. There were other riots both near and far, which showed how widespread had been the discontent. But the British were now on their guard, and the worst of the danger was over.



## CHAPTER XVII

### THE GHURKAS

IT was in the year 1813 that a great change took place in the trade with India. As the Company became more and more rulers they became less and less traders. Indeed, instead of making money by their trade, they lost it. Yet they had a monopoly of the trade with India, and no one else was allowed to take part in it. Indeed no European was allowed to live in British India unless he held a post in the Company.

Besides this all the goods from or to India had to pass through the India House and the Port of London, and rising ports, such as Liverpool or Glasgow, had no hope of any profit from it. For not only had all the goods to go to London, but they had all to be carried in ships belonging to the Company.

At last the other merchants and shipowners of Great Britain began to be impatient of the Company's monopoly and wanted to share in the Indian trade. Napoleon, too, was still trying to ruin British trade by shutting all the ports on the Continent to our goods. And the manufacturers and millowners of Lancashire and Yorkshire saw in India a new outlet for their wares.

So merchants and shipowners sent petitions to Parliament begging that the trade of India might be made free to all. The directors of the Company, although they were now losing money, were bitterly opposed to this. But the

people of Britain won the day. In 1813, when the Charter of the Company was renewed, the ports of India were opened to all the merchants of Great Britain, who were free to trade from their own ports, and to carry goods in their own ships and not in those of the Company only. But people who wished to live in India had still to get a licence from the Company. It was not until twenty years later that any one who liked was allowed to live there.

For some years after Lord Wellesley left, the plan of not interfering with the native states and their wars was followed in India. In Central India the wild Maráthás and a still wilder tribe called the Pindaris plundered and spoiled at will. Meantime the British were occupied fighting the French both at home and abroad. But that struggle was coming nearly to an end, when in 1813 Lord Hastings went to India as Governor-General and the new trade began. This Lord Hastings has of course nothing whatever to do with Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General.

At home Lord Hastings had been one of those who had found fault with Lord Wellesley's wars and conquests. But he had hardly arrived in India when he was obliged to change his mind, for he found himself forced into war.

The Maráthás, the Pindaris, and a third people called the Ghurkas had made Central India a waste of misery. The Ghurkas were a warlike race from the mountains of Cashmere. They were small and hardy. From their mountains they had swept down upon the peaceful province of Nepal, which lies along the base of the Himalayas, and completely conquered the people. Having conquered the people of Nepal and taken their lands, the Ghurkas next attacked towns and villages within British borders.

At first, for the sake of peace, and to carry out the orders of the directors about not interfering, no notice was taken. Finding that the British did nothing, the Ghurkas grew bolder and bolder. At last their attacks became so bold, that just before Lord Hastings arrived, the governor sent a message to the Ghurka chief ordering him to give up the British lands of which he had taken possession.

The Ghurka chief, having so long done as he liked, and still thinking he could go on doing as he liked, refused. Then war began, for Lord Hastings saw that there would never be peace in India until these bandit chiefs were made to keep the peace even within their own borders.

The Ghurkas were proud and haughty. They were a brave and fearless race of mountaineers, and they did not fear the British. 'What power can fight against us in Nepal?' they asked. 'Our hills and fastnesses are the work of God. They cannot be taken by mortal men. As for the British, they cannot even conquer mud fortresses which are the work of men's hands. How then can they take our forts, which are created by the Everlasting One?'

At first it seemed as if the Ghurkas were right. The British in India were not used to mountain warfare. The little Ghurkas were very fierce in battle. Their charge was terrible, like that of our own Highlanders. After firing their guns, they rushed upon the foe with fierce yells, attacking them with their little deadly knives. And the sepoy, dismayed by this sudden onrush to which they were not used, gave way before them again and again. Misfortune and disaster followed each other.

Apart from fighting, the difficulties were great. The British army had to pass through almost trackless jungle



where wild beasts prowled, and poisonous snakes glided. The toils and hardships of the way were enough to make the bravest falter. And it is told of one officer that he was so terrified that he turned and fled back to camp leaving his soldiers to their fate. But not many were like him.

When the jungle was passed and the mountains reached, troubles and hardships were by no means left behind. Up pathless valleys, along ledges overhanging sheer precipices, the heavy cannon had to be dragged. As they rose higher, icy winds whistled around the men, snow lay deep upon the ground through which they had to struggle.

Every pass was defended by a fortress easily held by a few against the attacking army. General Gillespie, the hero of Vellore, besieged one fort for a month. It was held against him by only six hundred Ghurkas. But both sides fought with so much determination that the garrison was reduced to seventy before the fort yielded, and of the besiegers five hundred lay dead, among them the gallant general.

From all sides came news of failure and disaster. The Ghurkas rejoiced in victory, and seeing the British worsted, all the bandit chiefs in India began to plot together for the overthrow of the British Raj.

But at length the tide of war turned. A gallant general, Sir David Ochterlony, carried fort after fort in the face of every difficulty and danger. In spite of their heroic fighting, in spite of their brave defences, the Ghurkas were defeated. They saw at length that their vaunted 'Heaven built' forts, and mountain passes were no defences against the British Lion. So they gave in.

By the treaty of Segauli peace was made. A brave

enemy became a firm friend, and from that day to this there has been no quarrel between the British and the Ghurkas. Later, the Ghurkas became British soldiers, and the Ghurka regiments are among the best of our Indian army.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE PINDARIS AND THE LAST MARÁTHÁ WAR

THE trouble with the Ghurkas was over, but the lawlessness of Central India became worse and worse. The Pindaris made life a terror. Rather than fall into the hands of these fierce bandits, whole villages of people were known to burn themselves alive in their huts. Rather than be driven off by them like sheep, to be sold and slaughtered, women drowned themselves in the village wells.

Yet, while horrors unspeakable still raged around, and the Pindaris carried fire and sword among the peaceful, defenceless villages, Lord Hastings could do little, for the directors at home kept telling him not to interfere.

But at length he made up his mind to look on no more, but to crush the power of the Pindaris for ever. To do this, he gathered the largest army ever seen in India. From north and south the soldiers came; from Madras, Bombay and Bengal, until the Governor-General had an army 116,000 strong. It was a far greater force than was needed to crush the Pindaris. But Lord Hastings knew that he had not only to deal with them but with all the Maráthá chiefs, who were weary of their Subsidiary Alliance, and of the peace that it gave them, and who were longing to be free again to fight and plunder as of old. And if the Pindaris were successful



ever so little, Lord Hastings knew it would give the Maráthás courage to rise against the British too.

But before there was any fighting, Lord Hastings found means of settling with several of the lawless chieftains. The Pindaris thus found themselves forsaken by many of their friends, and surrounded on all sides by a watchful enemy. In the battles which followed, many of the Pindaris were slain, some yielded themselves prisoners, and many were killed by the villagers whom they had been used to oppress and plunder, and who were now glad of revenge. Some sought refuge in the pathless jungle. For nearly a year the last chief held out, followed by a little band of about two hundred. But he, too, at last sought shelter in the jungle, and there, one day, his dead body was found, torn and mangled by tigers, while beside him, grazing quietly, was his horse, the only friend from whom he had not been forced to part.

So thoroughly were the Pindaris rooted out, that in a few years their terrible deeds were almost forgotten, and those of them who were left became as peaceful farmers and weavers of cotton as the peasants whom they had plundered in days gone by.

The Peshwá, or over-lord of the Maráthás, had, you remember, made an alliance with the British. But for a long time he had been growing restless, and eager to be rid of his alliance. Although he still pretended to be friendly, he was really trying to stir up the other Maráthá chiefs against the British, urged on by a favourite called Trimbukji Dainglia, in whose power he was. Already, about two years before the Pindari war, Trimbukji had murdered a man because he would not side against the British.

For this, Trimbukji was put in prison. The prison was not very strong, but so that he might have no chance

of escape, he had a guard of British soldiers. But in spite of this, when he had been about a year in prison, he escaped. It was very cleverly managed.

One of the British officers had a groom who was a Maráthá. This man used to walk his master's horse up and down outside the prison, passing under Trimbukji's window. And as he passed he used to sing Maráthá songs, which, of course, the guard could not understand. But these songs told Trimbukji that friends were near and were making ready for his escape. This is something like what he sang :

Behind the bush the bowmen hide  
The horse beneath the tree,  
Where shall I find the knight will ride  
The jungle-paths with me?

There are five-and-fifty coursers there,  
And four-and-fifty men ;  
When the fifty-fifth shall mount his steed,  
The Deccan thrives again.

Soon all was arranged. A hole was cut through the wall of Trimbukji's room, into a stable next it, and one dark, wet night, he squeezed himself through. Then in the dress of a common workman, carrying a basket on his head, he boldly marched out of the gate. The four and fifty men were ready waiting for him, and throwing himself on his horse, he was soon galloping with them through the darkness and the rain.

To hunt for him was useless. He had vanished. The Peshwá pretended to know nothing about his escape and said that he hoped he might be caught and punished. But it was very certain that the Peshwá knew all about it.

It was soon heard that Trimbukji was raising both men

and money. The Peshwá, too, began to gather his army. Other Maráthá chiefs joined them, and the last Maráthá war began.

Now again there were many stern fights, brave defences, gallant deeds. Both the Bombay and the Bengal sepoy proved themselves heroes, and faithful to their British masters. In the end the Peshwá was utterly defeated. His land was taken from him, and added to the Bombay Presidency. But he was left with his title and given a pension of £80,000 a year, and so, wealthy and idle, he lived in luxury in Cawnpore till he died, an old man.

The Maráthá power was broken for ever, and Rajputana, which had been torn with war and bloodshed for nearly a hundred years, was at last at peace. Indeed, for the first time in all known history, there was peace in India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.



## CHAPTER XIX

### THE FIRST BURMESE WAR

ALTHOUGH Lord Hastings had come out to India with the determination not to fight, he had been obliged to fight in order to win peace and justice for India. His rule will be remembered as great, however, not merely because he added many lands to the Empire, but because he brought peace to these lands.

Lord Hastings was the first Governor-General who took any interest in the teaching of the people. Before his day the Company had been inclined to think that it was just as well that the people should remain ignorant, as they would then be more easily ruled. Lord Hastings did not think so, and he helped to found native schools, and in many ways tried to make the lives of the Indian peoples better and happier.

The change to free trade, which had taken place at the beginning of Lord Hastings' rule, had proved a great success, and the affairs of the Company had never been better than when he gave up his post and went home in 1823.

Lord Hastings left India in peace, and it was hoped by all that the peace would last. But very soon after Lord Amherst, the new Governor-General arrived; he was forced into another war.

Beyond Bengal, and stretching in a long, narrow strip down the bay, lies Burma. The Burmese, about this

time, had had great wars among themselves, and some of the rebels had fled into Bengal, asking protection from the British. The King of Burma ordered the British to give these fugitives up. But they refused, knowing well that the poor wretches would be put to death with terrible tortures. This made the king angry, and, having conquered Assam, he next began to attack British possessions.

Even then Lord Amherst tried to arrange matters peacefully. But it was in vain. The king mistook the wish for peace for fear. He haughtily commanded one of his generals to drive the British out of Bengal, and to bring the Governor-General back in golden chains, so that he might be put to death.

Lord Amherst saw, at length, that war was not to be avoided, and began to collect ships and men. He meant to send his army across the Bay of Bengal in ships, and attack the Burmese in their own land. But the Calcutta sepoy refused to go, for their caste rules would not allow them to sail upon the 'black water,' as they called the sea. So Lord Amherst was obliged to send part of his army round the bay by land, where they endured terrible hardships, for the roads were almost impassable. The sepoy of Madras were not so particular, however, and soon a little fleet set sail for Rangoon.

When the Burmese saw the British fleet they were both astonished and frightened. They had never expected that the enemy would come by sea, and they had made no preparations. What frightened them most was a small steamship called the *Diana*. It was the first steamer which had ever been seen in the East, for the power of steam was only being discovered. The Burmese had an old saying that they should never be conquered until a ship came up the Irrawaddy without sails or oars.

Now the ship had come, and it struck terror to their hearts.

After firing a volley into the town, the British landed at Rangoon. But when they reached the town they found it empty, silent, and deserted. Men, women, and children had fled. The only human beings were eleven Europeans who were found tied and bound, ready for death. As soon as the fleet had appeared, they had been seized and condemned to death. They were seated upon the ground, the executioner stood over them sharpening his knife, when a cannon ball burst into their midst. In terror the Burmese fled, leaving their prisoners behind them, to be found and set free again by the British.

The Burmese were cowardly, ignorant, and puffed up with foolish pride. Their army was a mere rabble, without order or courage. They were badly armed and worse drilled. The British ought to have crushed them in a few weeks. But instead of that the war dragged on for two years. From first to last there seemed only to be mistakes and misfortunes.

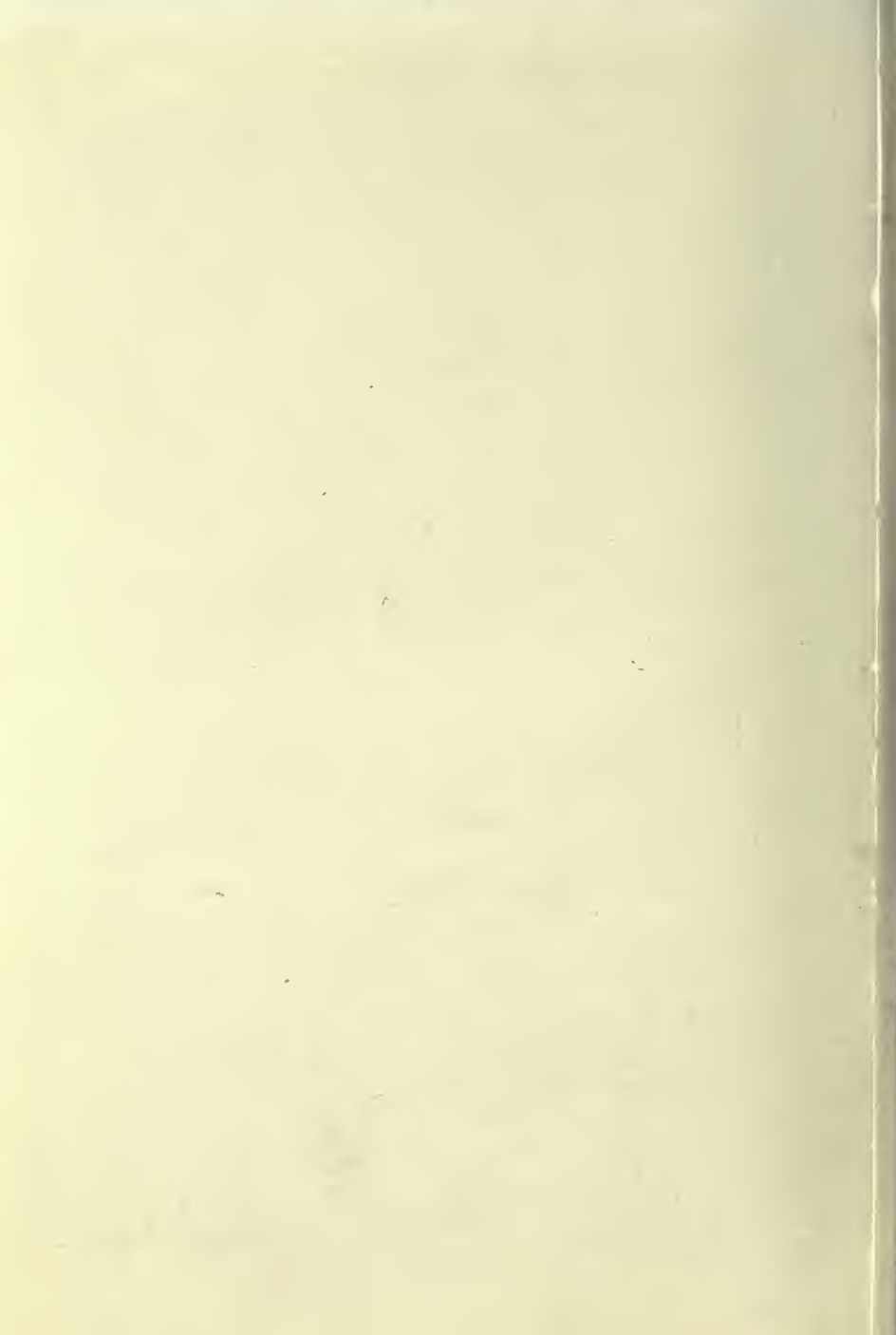
In those days Burma was almost an unknown country. The British knew little of the people and less of the land which they had come to conquer. They found it full of impassable forests and deadly swamps. All round Rangoon the land was a desert. It was swept bare of grain or food, and there was not a human being to be seen.

Soon the rains began. The whole country became a reeking marsh from which rose foul mists, bringing sickness and death. Although the rain poured in torrents, the weather was stifling and hot, the men always hungry. In vain the country was scoured for food. There was none to be found. The soldiers had to live on biscuits and tinned meats sent from Calcutta, and these were bad.





"THE ROADS WERE ALMOST IMPASSABLE."



The British commander had hoped to sail up the Irrawaddy and attack the king in his capital of Ava. But the rains made the river a rushing torrent, upon which it was impossible for sailing vessels to go. So, for six months the army remained at Rangoon. Man after man was stricken down. The hospitals were quickly filled to overflowing. The men died in hundreds, and when the rains ceased, it was found that every tenth man was dead.

Now Bundula, the great Burmese general, marched against the British with sixty thousand men.

The Burmese had a curious way of fighting. Instead of attacking the enemy in the open, they built high fences of interlaced bamboo. Then they dug holes in the ground behind the fences and burrowed in them like moles or rabbits, and from behind these ramparts they fired upon the enemy.

In this way they now surrounded the British, who watched them curiously as they made their preparations. The Burmese worked so fast that it seemed as if their entrenchments rose by magic, and in a few hours the British were quite surrounded.

Then fighting began and lasted for a fortnight. Bundula, himself, was brave, and his army was twenty times as large as that of the British. But at last the British charged the Burmese in their burrows, and they fled in disorder.

The British now marched up the river to Ava. Bundula was killed, and with him died all the courage of the Burmese. The king began to tremble for his throne. He offered his soldiers great rewards to encourage them to fight, for by this time fearful stories were told of the might and cruelty of the 'white demons.' But the British swept all before them, and the king was ready to make peace.



Then there came to him a boasting warrior called the Lord of the Sun-Set. He begged leave to lead the army, and swore to the king that he would save his capital from the white demons, and scatter them in flight. So the last army which the king could collect was given him to command.

But the Lord of the Sun-Set, too, was defeated, and his army fled. Then the king, in wrath, gave orders that he should be trampled to death by wild elephants, as a reward for his boasting and his failure.

Now peace was made, and, by the treaty of Yandaboo, the King of Burma gave up Assam, Aracan, and Tenasserim to the Company, and promised to pay a large sum of money.

When the news of the war reached home, the directors were, as usual, very angry about it. It had cost thirteen times more than the Pindari and last Maráthá wars. All the money that Lord Hastings had gathered had been used. The Company was once more in debt. They had lost twenty thousand men, and all that they had in return were three swampy, forest-covered provinces.

But these same swampy provinces have turned out to be among the most important of British India. In places, where in 1826, there were only a few bamboo huts, prosperous towns and harbours have sprung up. The foul swamps have been changed into the most fertile of rice-fields. Aracan has become the granary of Bengal. The tea-gardens of Assam are famous the world over. More than half the tea we drink at home comes from Indian tea-gardens, besides which much is sent to the Colonies and to the Continent.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE SIEGE OF BHURTPORE

MEANWHILE the news of the losses and disasters in Burma had been brought to India. Many of the Indian chiefs and princes, who had not yet quite settled down under the over-lordship of Britain, began to be restless. As the war dragged on month after month they began to believe, and to hope, that the Burmese would overthrow the power of the British. They began to look forward to the time when the Company should no longer be over-lord in India, and when each prince should be free to fill the land with lawlessness and bloodshed as before.

When things were at their worst in Burma the Raja of Bhurtpore died. He was succeeded by his son, a child of seven, with his uncle as regent. But a cousin, who wished the throne for himself, murdered the uncle, and put the little Raja in prison. Thus he defied the British, who had accepted the little boy as Raja.

But Lord Amherst wanted no more fighting, so he made up his mind not to interfere. When the usurper saw this he became very bold and haughty. All the chieftains of Central India openly cheered him on, and men of every conquered tribe gathered to him, until he had an army of twenty-five thousand men.

The fort of Bhurtpore was the strongest in India. The Indians, indeed, believed that it could never be

taken by mortal man. It was surrounded with five miles of enormous sun-dried, mud walls sixty feet thick. It had nine gates and thirty-five strong mud towers. Outside the wall was a broad ditch fifty-five feet deep, and one hundred and fifty feet wide. This ditch, in time of war, was filled with water from a lake near the town.

Lord Amherst soon saw that he had made a mistake. He saw that if the usurper of Bhurtpore was not punished there would be war all over Central India. So he sent an army against the fort. Fortunately it arrived in time to stop the bank of the lake being cut, and water let into the moat, and it was still dry.

The siege began. For days the British battered the mud walls with their heaviest guns. The roar and thud of cannon, the shriek of shells, filled the air for weeks, and still the brown walls stood solid and unbroken.

Then it was resolved to blow them up. Three mines were dug, the biggest being filled with ten thousand pounds of gunpowder. The train was lighted, and the army waited ready to rush in the moment there was a breach. In a few minutes the earth seemed to shake, a low rumble as of distant thunder was heard, the great wall trembled. Then huge masses of mud rose in the air carrying with them the shattered bodies of many of the defenders. The sky grew dark with smoke and dust, and lurid with flames. The air was filled with shrieks of pain, yells of triumph, the thud and crash of falling masses, as the British rushed through the yawning breach in the mighty wall.

Yet, before the fort was taken, there was terrible slaughter, six thousand or more of the defenders falling in the fight. But at last it was over, and the British were masters of the place.



Next day the little Raja was brought from prison, and again set upon the throne, and the usurper, in his turn, became a prisoner. The war was at an end and the Rajas or princes, who had been ready to make war, but who had been waiting to see what would happen, settled down in peace again. The famous walls of Bhurtpore were levelled to the ground, and with them the last rampart against British rule in India seemed to vanish.

## CHAPTER XXI

### SATI AND THAGS

Now at length there came to India a time of peace, and Lord William Bentinck, the next Governor-General, could spend his time in trying to make the lives of the people happier.

One of the first things he did was to forbid Sati or widow-burning.

When a Hindu died, his body was not buried but laid on a great pile of wood and burned. It was the custom for his widow to throw herself upon the burning pile and be burned too. Sometimes she did it willingly, being carried along by a kind of religious madness, and believing that she was doing a great and noble deed. Sometimes the wretched woman had to be forced into the flames with threats and blows, sometimes she was drugged with opium until she knew not what she did.

Now Lord William made this horrible deed a crime, and any one who helped in it was punished with death. It was thought at the time that the Indians would be very angry with this new law which seemed to interfere with their religion. But there were no riots. Sati soon died out even in provinces not under British rule.

Lord William also put down the Thags. These were stranglers and thieves by trade. They were born thieves. The fathers and mothers were thieves, and they taught

their children to be thieves, as naturally as a father who was a tailor, taught his son to be a tailor too.

Dressed as ordinary people they went about the country. They made friends with those they met upon the road. Often they would travel for days in seeming friendliness, making the journey pass pleasantly with talk and laughter. But suddenly, one evening, perhaps, as the whole party was resting under the cool shade of trees or making ready an evening meal by some village well, the chief would give a sign. Quick as lightning each Thag would draw a rope from its hiding-place. Whirling through the air came the noose, and in a moment it was drawn tight round the neck of his victim.

In a few minutes the wretched unsuspecting travellers lay dead. They were robbed of all they possessed, and buried at once. For the Thags always carried a kind of pick-axe with them with which to dig holes for the graves of their victims.

They had many tricks, too, with which to deceive travellers. Sometimes a rich young man would come upon a beautiful lady weeping by the roadside. Full of pity for her, he would stop to ask what was the matter. In a moment the noose would be round his neck. And when he lay dead the beautiful lady, wiping her pretended tears, would be among the first to rob him.

The Thags had a secret language of their own. The children were trained when they were quite young as scouts and spies. The cleverest were chosen to use the lasso, and so skilful did they become that no traveller whom they attacked ever escaped.

It was not easy to put down the Thags, for although they wandered all over Central India, their ways were so secret that it was hard to find them. But Lord William was very determined to root them out, and in various



ways two thousand of them were caught in about six years. Some were hanged, some put in prison, and some were pardoned and settled down into peaceable citizens, and at last the Thags quite disappeared.

Lord William Bentinck ruled in India for nearly eight years. He not only fought against evil customs but he tried to bring good into the lives of the people. He was perhaps the first British ruler who saw that India must be ruled for the good of the Indian people, and not just to put money into the pockets of the British.

It was during Lord William's rule in 1833 that another great change in the Company took place. In that year the Company was made to give up all trade, and made to attend only to the ruling of India. The trade of India was made quite free to all, and people of any country were allowed to live there, if they wished, without first asking leave from the Company.

It was while Lord William Bentinck was Governor-General that Lord Macaulay went to India as law member of the Council. And when the people raised a monument in memory of Lord William, it was Lord Macaulay who wrote the words carved upon it. Among many things which a man might be proud to know were said of him were the words, 'Who never forgot that the end of government is the happiness of the governed.'

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE FIRST AFGHAN WAR

IN 1837 the ruler of Afghanistan was called Dost Muhammad. He was a rough soldier, young and brave, and he had proved himself a good ruler of Afghanistan, although he had no real right to the throne. Afghanistan, like other countries, had been torn with wars and revolts. The real ruler, Shah Shuja, had fled, and was now living in India under British protection.

Ever since the days of Peter the Great, Russia has been spreading her empire southward until 'Russian designs on India' have become a sort of nightmare to Indian rulers, for now only Afghanistan lies between British India and Russia.

But in 1837 the Punjab had not yet become a part of British India, and it also lay between, and its ruler, Ranjit Singh, the Lion of Lahore, was friendly to the British. The British wanted to make sure that Afghanistan was also friendly, and Lord Auckland, who was now Governor-General, sent a messenger to the court of Afghanistan. This messenger was supposed to be going to arrange about trade. But trade had little to do with it. He really went to persuade the Afghans to be friends with the British, and to make war, if need be, with the Russians.

There had been war between the Afghans and Ranjit Singh, and he had taken part of Afghanistan called the

Peshawar valley. Dost Muhammad was very anxious to get this back again, and was willing to promise the British anything if they would help him to get it.

But as Ranjit Singh and the British were friends, Lord Auckland refused. It was not the habit of the British, he said, to interfere in quarrels between other states. So his messenger came back from Afghanistan without having been able to arrange anything. And at the same time a Russian messenger was kindly received there.

Lord Auckland then made up his mind, that as Dost Muhammad would not do as he wanted, he would put a king on the throne who would. So he sent an army into Afghanistan to drive Dost Muhammad from the throne, and set foolish old Shah Shuja upon it.

This was surely folly, for the Afghans were well content with their ruler. They hated Shah Shuja, who was proud and haughty, and 'neither a soldier nor a gentleman.' Years before they had driven him out, and now that he was old and stupid, they certainly did not want him back again.

Ranjit Singh, although he was quite friendly, wanted to have as little to do with the British as possible. Now he refused to allow our army to pass through his lands. So it was obliged to go by Sind, which at this time was also not under British rule. But the ruler of Sind was not so strong as Ranjit Singh, and so was unable to prevent the army passing through his land.

It was a long, weary march that now began. At first the roads were good. Then came long tracts of pathless desert where wild hill-men attacked the soldiers. The country was barren, and food grew scarce. Half starved and weary the army at last arrived at Kandahar.

Here the Shah rode in triumph through the town.



Crowds of people thronged the streets, but it was curiosity, not love, that brought them. Along a path strewn with roses, with beat of drum and thunder of guns, and the shouts of a half-hearted few in his ears, the Shah rode to the tomb of his forefathers, to give thanks for his restoration.

Thus far there had been little fighting. Now there was a fierce battle, when Ghazni, the strongest fortress in Afghanistan, was taken. When Dost Muhammad heard the news he fled, and a few weeks later Shah Shuja rode in triumph into Kabul.

Seated upon a white horse, gorgeously clad, and sparkling with jewels, surrounded and followed by splendidly dressed servants, the Shah rode towards the palace from which, thirty years before, he had been hunted out. With him rode the British officers in their gayest uniforms. But as the glittering procession passed through the streets there was never a cheer. The sullen, scowling Afghans scarcely turned their heads to look at their returned king, or at the hated white-faced 'Feringees' who had brought him.

Lord Auckland had said that as soon as the king was seated again upon his throne the British army would leave Afghanistan. But now that was found to be impossible. The Shah was indeed once more upon his throne, but it was only the glitter of English gold, and the gleam of English bayonets, that kept him there. The people did not want him, and it was easily seen that as soon as the British left, they would drive the Shah away once more.

So ten thousand British soldiers stayed in Afghanistan, and thousands of pounds in good British gold were paid to the wild hill-men to keep them quiet. Months passed, Dost Muhammad yielded himself a prisoner, the

people were sunk in a gloomy, sullen quiet. The British believed that they were conquered, that they had accepted the ruler thrust upon them. English ladies came from India to join their husbands and brothers. Soon, in the heart of Afghanistan, the British had settled down to the gay social life of home. In summer they shot, and fished, and rode. In winter they skated and danced. And all the time they were making merry on a volcano, all the time the hatred of the Afghans seethed and boiled in secret.

At last it burst out. Early on the morning of the 2nd of November 1841 the streets of Kabul were filled with angry crowds. As the hours went on, the crowds grew denser and wilder. Thirsting for blood, eager for revenge, they attacked the houses of the British. Men, women, and children were slaughtered. Houses were robbed, wrecked, and burned. The whole town was one seething mass of uproar and riot. Mad with blood, the Afghans became cursing, howling beasts.

Yet the British did little or nothing. They had six thousand troops ready to command. But no orders were given. 'We must see what the morning brings, and then think what can be done,' said the commander. He waited to think 'to-morrow' when he ought to have been acting. So all day the riot raged, and it was only with the falling darkness that the city sank once more to rest.

Next day things grew worse. From every side Afghans poured into the city: Seeing that the British had not crushed the rioters at once, every man took heart again, and did his best to drive the hated foreigners out. Day after day passed, days of horror, filled with fighting, with mistakes, with misfortunes, with commands given and withdrawn, with misery and confusion.

The Afghans commanded the surrounding hills. They were splendid marksmen, and their guns carried farther than the British muskets. Secure upon the heights they aimed at leisure, and the British went down before them like slaughtered sheep.

The fort, in which the food for the British army was stored, fell into the hands of the Afghans. Hungry and weary the men lost heart, and discipline was at an end. 'Our troops are acting like a pack of cowards and there is no spirit left amongst us. We have only three days' provisions for our men and nothing for our cattle,' writes one.

At last even the blindest had to admit that there was nothing left but to get out of Afghanistan as best and as fast as they could.

So the British Ambassador had a meeting with the Afghan chiefs. At this meeting it was agreed that Dost Muhammad should be given back to the Afghans, and, that in return, the British army should be allowed to march out of Afghanistan in safety.

But even now there were delays. The Ambassador began to think that he might make better terms, and that after all he would not need to march back in the disgrace of defeat. He began to plot with some of the Afghan chiefs. But they only led him on in order to destroy him, and when he met with them upon the hill slopes outside the town, he was foully murdered in broad daylight. His body was then cut to pieces, and his head was carried through the town in triumph. And the British were powerless to avenge the insult. Days of humiliation and misery followed, but at last everything was arranged, and the long march homeward began.

Four thousand soldiers and twelve thousand camp followers, many of them women and children—ladies,



unused to hardship, children unable to walk—streamed out of the fatal town into the country beyond. They meant to make their way to Jellalabad, where there was a British garrison.

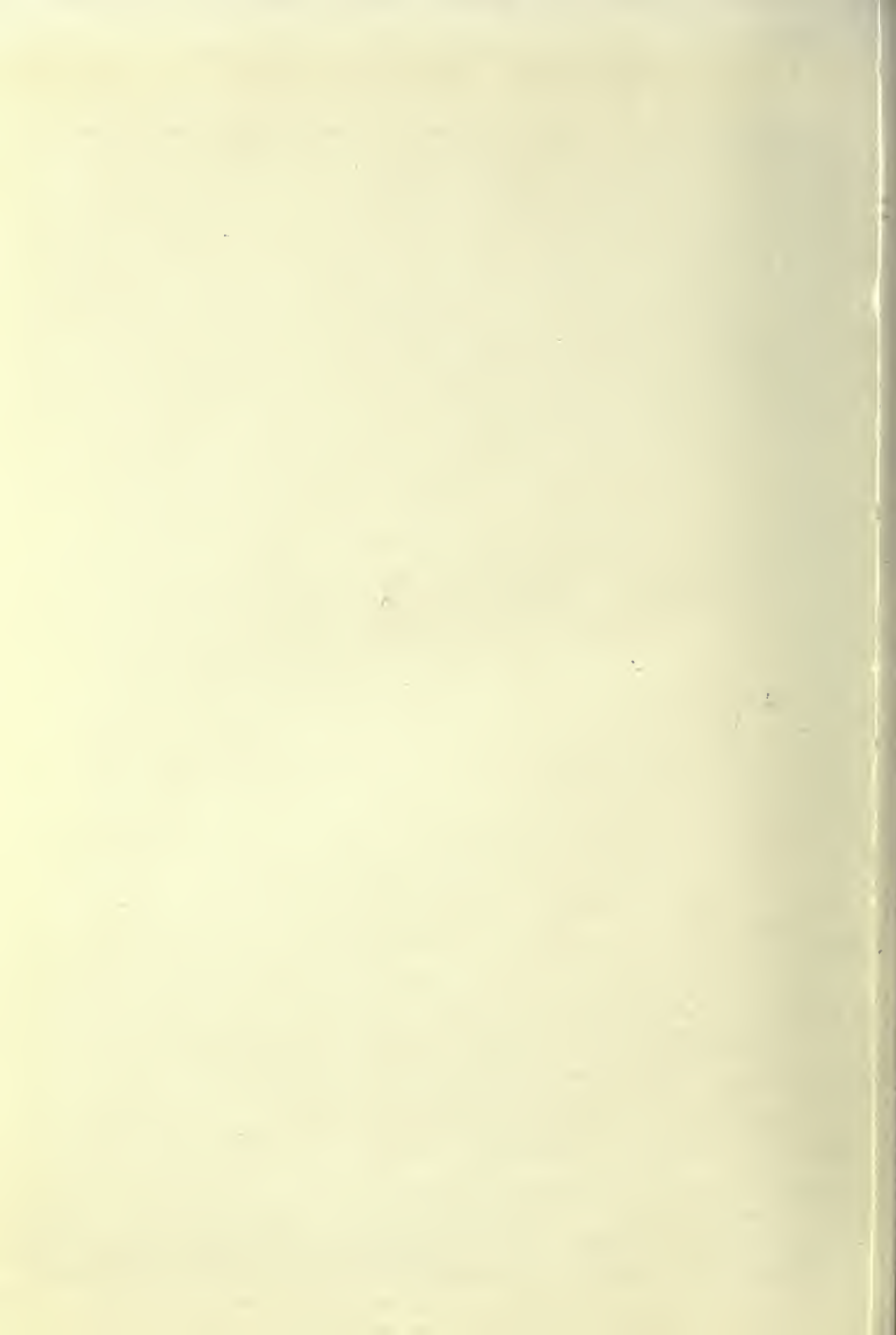
It was a clear and sunny winter's morning, but bitterly cold, and snow lay thick upon the ground. Hardly had the British left their houses when the Afghans swarmed into them seeking plunder. They found little, for the British had carried away or destroyed all that they possessed. So in their disappointment and rage the Afghans wrecked the houses and set them on fire. Then they followed the retreating army.

Soon the white snow was trampled and brown, and stained with blood, and all the ways were strewn with dead and dying. It was a bad beginning to the long march, and as it began, so it went on. While the crowd of men, women, and children, wound through the narrow valleys, the wild hill tribes rushed down upon them from the heights, slaughtering them without mercy. The march became a headlong flight. In the frantic rush, baggage, ammunition, provisions, all were left behind. Without tents, without food or shelter, many lay down to die in the snow. Attacked by their pitiless enemies, they could scarce defend themselves. Muskets dropped from their numbed, frost-bitten fingers, and they were mown down like corn before the reaper.

The son of Dost Muhammad, who had promised that the army should march in safety, was powerless against the wild hill tribes. But he now offered to take care of the ladies and the children, and with heavy hearts the men gave them into his keeping. It was a terrible risk, for how could any one be sure that they would not all be murdered horribly. Yet there was a chance that this wild Afghan would keep his word and bring them to



'CRUSHED BY ROLLING STONES, MOWN DOWN BY VOLLEYS OF MUSKET-SHOT  
THE MEN FELL IN HUNDREDS.'





safety, and if they went on with the army, they must all certainly die of the hardships of the way. The Afghan chief did keep his word, and months later all those left in his charge returned home in safety.

Faint with hunger, sick and numb with cold, the men continued the march. But they could not escape from their savage black enemies. Crushed by rolling stones, mowed down by volleys of musket shot, cut to pieces by knives, pierced by bayonets, the men fell by hundreds, and the army grew smaller and smaller.

At last, on the morning of the thirteenth of January, a sentry on the ramparts of Jellalabad looked out along the road from Kabul. There he saw one lone traveller come. He rode a lean and wretched pony, and bent forward, clinging to its mane like one in deadly agony. Soon the wall was thick with anxious men straining eager eyes towards the lonely horseman. As they gazed, their hearts sank within them. It seemed as if he were the messenger of some dark mischance. Then flinging themselves into the saddle, a party rode out to meet him.

Stricken, wan, more dead than alive, they brought him in. And when his white lips could speak, they learned that he alone, of all the sixteen thousand who had set out from Kabul, was alive to tell the tale of that awful journey of a hundred miles through mountain passes, beset with foes.

From first to last the expedition to Afghanistan had been a mistake, and the British had to acknowledge that they had been beaten. But they could not remain beaten. Besides, there were those hundred or more women and children in the hands of the Afghans who must be rescued.

So an army was sent to avenge the defeat. Once

again Kabul was taken, once again the British flag was planted upon the ramparts. But meanwhile Shah Shuja had been murdered, so Dost Muhammad came back to his throne, and the British army marched away to India leaving the Afghans to themselves.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE SIKHS

IN 1839, while the British were fighting in Afghanistan, the brave and wicked old ruler of the Punjab, the Lion of Lahore, died. After his death the Punjab was torn with civil wars. Plots and murders followed fast upon each other, until the whole country was seething with misery and bloodshed.

The people of the Punjab were called Sikhs. They were not a nation like the Maráthás or the Ghurkas, but a religious body. Under Ranjit Singh, however, they had grown into a nation. He had formed an army which he called the Kalsa or 'Saved ones.' These 'saved ones' were fierce, brave men, splendidly armed, perfectly drilled, and so full of a kind of wild, religious zeal that they were ready to fight any one, or do the most desperate deeds, in the name of God.

The Kalsa was now the greatest power in the Punjab and a terror to all. After much fighting among themselves, they suddenly marched across the river Sutlej, and invaded British India.

The British were in a manner prepared, for seeing the unruly state of the Punjab, they knew that war must come sooner or later. But they had not expected it so soon, nor had they expected to have to fight such a great army as now marched into Hindustan. So secure, indeed,



did they feel, that the Commander-in-chief was going to give a grand ball, when the news of the invasion arrived. The ball was given up, and soon the army was marching in hot haste towards the frontier.

In a few weeks four great battles had been fought. Never before had the British in India had to fight such stern foes. In each battle the British loss was very great, and if the Sikh leaders had been as wise as the Sikh soldiers were brave, things might have gone ill. But their leaders were cowardly or foolish.

In the last battle of the campaign, which is called the Battle of Sobraon, the Sikhs were utterly defeated and driven back across the Sutlej with great slaughter. Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, then marched to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab. The country was now quite conquered, and, had he wished, Hardinge might have added it to the possessions of the Company. But he did not wish to do this, and Dhulip Singh, a supposed son of Ranjit Singh, was set upon the throne. He was, however, only a boy of eight, so had not much real power. A great part of the famous Kalsa army was disbanded, a British resident and garrison were left at Lahore, the Sikhs were made to pay all the expenses of the war, and lastly, the famous Koh-i-nur diamond was sent as a present to the Queen Victoria. Koh-i-nur means mountain of light. This famous diamond has had many adventures. It had belonged to the Great Mogul, it had been carried off by the Shah of Persia, and after its many wanderings it came at last to our own little island, and was the largest diamond belonging to the British crown, until the great South African diamond was presented to King Edward.

Having arranged matters in the Punjab, Lord Hardinge marched home to Calcutta in triumph, and it

was hoped that the Punjab would soon settle down in peace.

For about two years all was quiet. Then suddenly two Englishmen were treacherously murdered at the town of Multan. It was the first spark. Soon the whole Punjab was ablaze again with war.

‘The Sikh nation has asked for war,’ said Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, ‘and upon my word, they shall have it with a vengeance.’

But once again the British found that they had stern work in front of them. The famous Kalsa soldiers gathered again, and fought with all their old courage. Chillianwalla, the great battle of the war, was almost a defeat. It began late in the afternoon. The Sikhs fought furiously, the air was thick with flying bullets, and dark with smoke, and when night put an end to the awful struggle, eighty-nine British officers, and nearly two thousand five hundred men, were among the killed and wounded.

It was a day of disaster. The British had lost both standards and guns, and once at least their horse had fled before the foe. Yet they claimed it as a victory. So did the Sikhs, and that same evening the men rejoiced, and their leader fired a salute in honour of the victory over the British.

But a month later the memory of Chillianwalla was wiped out by the great victory of Gujrat. Upon the battle morning the sun rose clear and bright, and under a cloudless blue sky the fight began. But soon the air was thick and the sun darkened with smoke from the fearful cannonade which thundered and roared from both sides. So tremendous was the firing that the battle was known as the battle of the guns.

The Sikhs fought with all their old fury and courage.

The British, too, fought with a fierce determination to win. And win they did. At last the Sikh ranks broke, and fled. For fifteen miles the British chased the fleeing foe. The famous Kalsa army was utterly shattered. Cannon, standards, camp baggage of every sort, fell into the hands of the British. Resistance was at an end. The Punjab was conquered, and this time it was added to the Company's possessions. Maharaja Dhulip Singh, who was now a boy of ten, was given a pension, and his lands passed into the hands of the British. After a little time Dhulip Singh came to England, where he lived for nearly all his life, like an English gentleman, and died in Paris a few years ago.

There was still another war during Lord Dalhousie's rule in India. This was the second Burmese war. The Burmese began to ill-treat the British traders and settlers at Rangoon, so Lord Dalhousie sent an army against them.

As before, the sepoy refused to go over the sea. But this did not matter so much now, for many of the Sikhs, who had quite lately been enemies, had joined our army, and they were willing to go anywhere. Now they fought for the British with the same fiery courage as they had fought against them. This second Burmese war was very different from the first. It was soon over, and the province of Pegu was added to British Burma.

Lord Dalhousie was one of the great rulers of India. He, like Lord William Bentinck, thought of the good of the people. He has been blamed for adding so much to British possessions, but he did it often to make the people happier. Many of the native princes, who were independent, ruled badly. They tyrannised over their people, and treated them with great cruelty. Lord Dalhousie warned these princes again and again. But as they



would not listen, and try to rule better, he took their lands from them. In this way Oudh, Nagpore, and some smaller states were peacefully added to British possessions.

But although Lord Dalhousie enlarged British India very much, he is to be remembered most for the great improvements that he made there. He made good roads, and cut canals. He laid down railways and stretched telegraph wires over thousands of miles. He brought in a halfpenny post over all India. Towns were lit with gas, and steamers plied up and down the rivers. Schools, colleges, and hospitals were built. In fact, Lord Dalhousie found the great peninsula a collection of many states, of many tribes, and he tried to bind them into one great Empire, one great People. And in this work railways and telegraphs were of the greatest help, for they bring distant places near, and bind together those that are far apart.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE MUTINY—DELHI

AFTER Lord Dalhousie, Lord Canning became Governor-General of India. At first everything seemed quiet. But suddenly there burst over India a most terrible storm.

It was just a hundred years since the Black Hole, just fifty years since the mutiny of Vellore, when a far worse mutiny broke out.

For some time the sepoy had been restless and discontented. They had been angry when Oudh was annexed for one thing. Next, Lord Canning wanted some soldiers to send to Burma. Of course the sepoy would not go. He was so annoyed at what he thought was foolish nonsense that he issued an order, saying that only sepoy, who would agree to go anywhere, would in future be taken into the army. This made them more angry and more afraid, for they again thought that the British were trying to destroy their caste and religion, and thenceforth high caste men would not join the army. Old sepoy even began to be afraid that the new order included them, and that henceforth they would be forced to go across the 'black water,' and they grew sullen.

They had many other grievances, real or imaginary. Railways and telegraphs frightened them. They thought they were magic and witchcraft, and said that the white

people were binding the whole of India in chains. People, who were unfriendly to British rule, tried to make their grievances and fears worse, and tried to stir the sepoys to greater and greater discontent.

About this time a new rifle was sent out to India. The cartridges for this rifle were greased, and the end of the cartridge had to be bitten off before it was used.

One day, in the barracks, a low class workman asked a high caste sepoy for a drink out of his water-bottle. The sepoy refused haughtily, saying that the touch of low caste lips would make his bottle 'unclean.' The workman angrily replied that it was no matter, for soon there would be no caste left, as the new cartridges were greased with the fat of cows and pigs, and the sepoys would have to bite them.

This, to a Brahmin, was something horrible, for to him the cow was sacred, while the pig was 'unclean.' The mere thought that he would have to touch this terrible mixture with his lips was more than he could bear. He ran off with the tale to his fellows, in horror. The story passed from mouth to mouth, till it spread all over India.

The officers told the men that the grease was mutton, fat, and wax, and therefore could not hurt any caste. It was in vain. The tale had taken hold too strongly. And now that one wild story was believed, others followed. It was said that the very flour of which the sepoys' bread was made, was mixed with cows' bones, ground to dust. To eat this, even unknowingly, would be deadly sin. For ever afterwards, they, who did so, would be outcasts. And so bent were the Sahibs on the destruction of all caste that they stooped to such foul and secret means. The story, of course, was not true, but the sepoys believed it.



They grew sullen with anger. They were wild with fear too, such a fear as it is hard for us to understand. The air was full of mutterings and unrest. In regiment after regiment the hated cartridges were refused. In some places the officers called them in and offered the men the old cartridges which they had used for years. But fear had become unreasoning panic, and even they were refused. At length, at Meerut, near Delhi, the storm burst.

One Sunday evening in May, when all the white people were on their way to church, there was an unusual stir. Trumpet calls were heard, mixed with the clatter of firearms and the rush of feet. Then flames burst forth in all directions. Soon the truth became known. The sepoy had revolted. They had fired upon their officers, and as the sun went down they rushed forth madly thirsting for the blood of their white masters.

A night of horror followed. The prisons were burst open; from the dark and secret places of the town thieves, and murderers, and all evildoers crept out and mingled with the maddened sepoys. They attacked the British in their houses, slaying without mercy. They robbed and plundered at will. All night the sky was red with flames from burning houses, and amid the roar and crackle might be heard shrieks and groans, mingled with savage yells, and the wild clash of cymbals and beat of drum. But when day dawned the streets were silent. Among the blackened, smouldering ruins the dead lay still. But the murderers had fled.

Along the road to Delhi, through the coolness of early dawn, beneath the glimmer of the rising sun sped the frantic sepoys. Mile after mile, from the ribbon of white road, rose a cloud of dust, marking the path by which the dark-faced, turbanned crowd passed,

By eight o'clock the foremost of the rioters burst into the quiet streets of Delhi. There the ancient king, the last descendant of the Great Mogul, still lived in empty splendour. Long ago his empire had passed into the hands of the British, but yet he kept great court and state, and played at grandeur.

Around his palace the wild horde raged, crying that they had killed the British at Meerut, that they had come to fight for the faith. 'Help, O King,' they cried. 'We pray thee for help in our fight for the faith.'

Into the palace they forced their way, slaying every white-faced man or woman. Soon the streets of Delhi were as terrible as those of Meerut. Every house belonging to the British was attacked, plundered, and set on fire. Every European was slain without mercy.

There were no British soldiers in Delhi, so to resist was hopeless. The British officers of the sepoy troops succeeded in blowing up the powder magazine, so that the ammunition should not fall into the hands of the mutineers. But that was all that they could do. Then they made their escape, as best they could, with their wives and children into the jungle. There, new dangers and sufferings awaited them, and but few found shelter in distant villages. Soon not a Christian was left within the walls of Delhi, and it was entirely in the hands of the mutineers.

All over India the terrible news was flashed, and in town after town the revolt broke out. Everywhere it was the same story—a story of murder and bloodshed, of robbery and plunder and destruction. Then, after finishing their terrible work, many of the rioters flocked to Delhi, to range themselves under the banner of the 'King.'

There were very few British-soldiers in India, for the Company had begun to trust almost entirely to the sepoys. Now Lord Canning telegraphed in all directions for troops. Some he gathered from Persia where there had been fighting. Some he stopped on their way to China. The Sikhs and Ghurkas, too, had stood firm, and now they loyally fought for their white masters. Soon the siege of Delhi began. The mutineers held out for three months, but at last they yielded to British guns. The old Mogul was taken prisoner and sent to Rangoon, where he died. But meanwhile, all over Northern India, there was war and bloodshed.



## CHAPTER XXV

### THE MUTINY—CAWNPORE

AT Cawnpore Sir Hugh Wheeler was commander. When he saw the danger coming he sent to Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow for help. But Sir Henry himself had few enough soldiers, and could spare only fifty men. Then Sir Hugh asked an Indian prince, called the Nana Sahib, to help him.

The Nana was the adopted son of the last Peshwá of the Maráthás, to whom, you remember, the Company paid a yearly sum of money, after he had given up his kingdom to them. When the Peshwá died, the Company thought there was no need to go on paying the money, for the Nana was not really his son, and had no true right to it. This made the Nana angry, for he thought that he should have had the money. Still, he pretended to be friends with the British. Now he promised to help Sir Hugh, and he came to Cawnpore with some soldiers. But as soon as the mutiny had fairly broken out, his men joined with the mutineers against the British.

At Cawnpore the sepoy broke open the jail, sacked the treasury and magazine, and burned and plundered everywhere. But they did not attack the white people. Having finished their work of destruction, they started to join the other rebels at Delhi. But this did not please the Nana. He called them back, and the siege of Cawnpore began.

The place where the white people were gathered for refuge was poorly protected. It was an old hospital. Round it was a crumbling mud wall not four feet high. Within it were gathered nearly a thousand people, but scarcely three hundred were soldiers, and nearly four hundred were women and children. Without the wall there swarmed thousand upon thousand of sepoy, well drilled and well armed, for they had all the heavy guns and ammunition of the magazine. It needed only courage for them to overleap the poor weak wall, and put every white man and woman to death.

But courage failed them. They knew of what stern stuff their white masters were made, and they dared not overleap that wall. So they raged and yelled without, and night and day the flash and roar of guns, and the scream and crash of shells, continued with no pause.

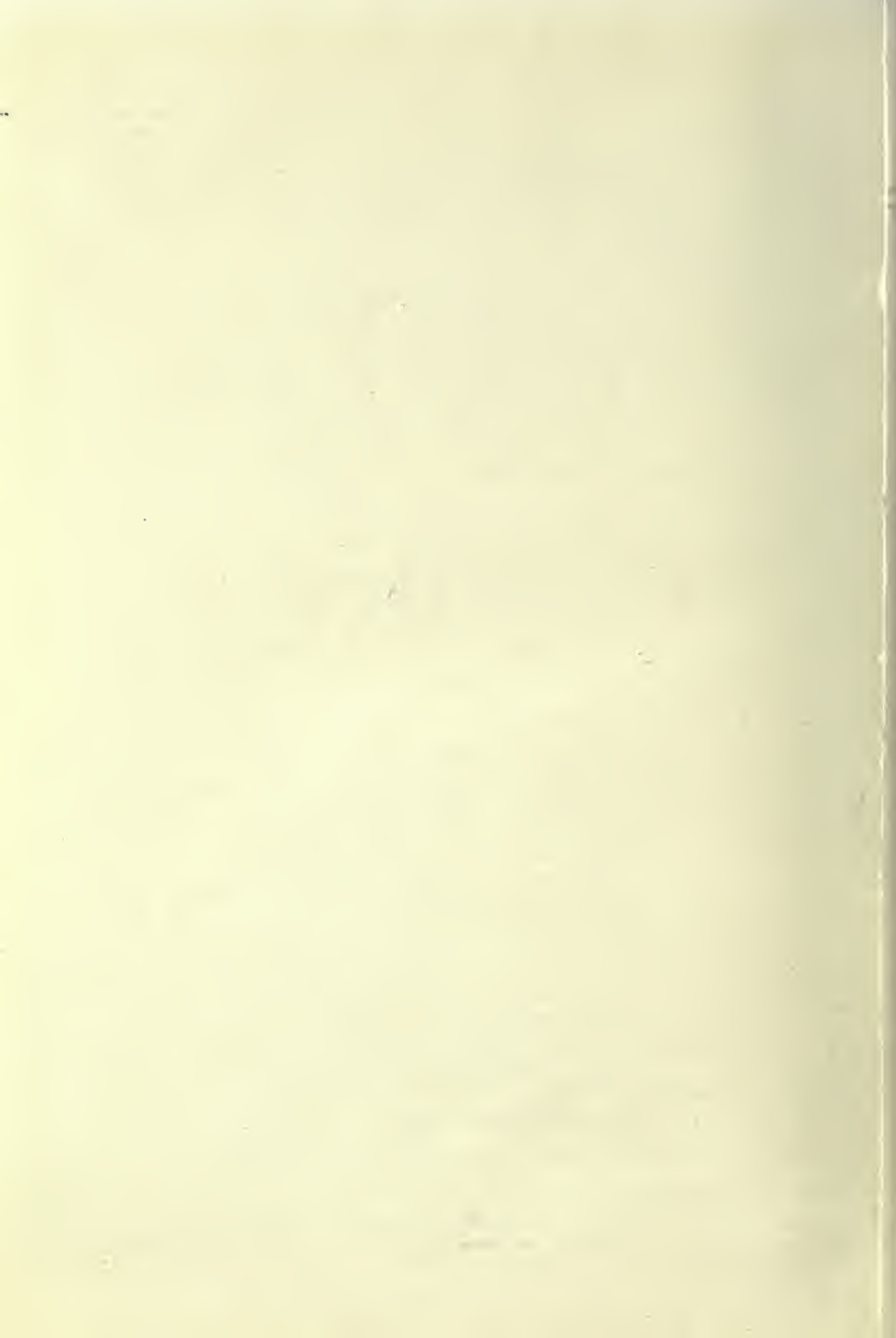
Again Sir Hugh sent to Sir Henry Lawrence begging for help. But this time Sir Henry, with a breaking heart, was forced to refuse. He could not spare a man. So without rest, or pause, or shadow of relief, the siege went on. The sepoy aimed with deadly sureness. The low mud wall gave little shelter, and day by day the ranks of the defenders grew thinner and thinner. Yet in hunger, thirst, and weariness, they fought on. Food began to fail. A handful of flour and a handful of split peas a day was all each man received. Water was more precious still. It could only be had from a well within the fire of the enemy's guns. And many a man laid down his life to bring a bucket of water to still the wailing of a child or the groans of a dying comrade.

Three weeks passed, weeks of sleepless horror amid unceasing noise, and constant hail of bullets. The June



'THE BOATS STUCK IN THE MUD AND WERE AN EASY MARK.'





sun blazed from a brazen sky. The air was heavy with smoke, and bitter with the taste and smell of gunpowder, the heat wellnigh unbearable. Women and children drooped and faded. Men set their teeth, and, gaunt and grim, fought on.

At length the Nana Sahib proposed terms. He promised, that if the British would give in, he would send them all in safety down the river to Alláhábád.

There was not a man within the walls who would not rather have fought to the last. But they thought of the sad-eyed women, and the little listless children, and they gave in.

So early one morning, a dreary procession of weary women and children, of hopeless, wounded men, made their way to the river.

There, some native boats awaited them, covered with thatch to keep off the heat of the sun. The wounded were lifted in. Men, women, and children followed. Then suddenly from the banks the sound of a bugle was heard.

Throwing down their oars the native rowers leaped from their places and made for the shore. Almost at the same moment the thatched roofs burst into flame, and from the banks a roar of guns was heard, and a hail of bullets burst upon the boats.

The boats, stuck in the mud, were an easy mark. Leaping into the river the white men tried to push them off, but in vain. One boat alone got free, and of its crew only four lived to tell the tale. The others were murdered where they stood. Not a man escaped, and those of the women and children, who were still alive, were led back to the terrible town from which they had just been set free. There they were shut up in a place called the Savada house. Later they were taken to another called the Bibigarh. Here they were treated as slaves, and made

to grind the corn for the Nana. And so in slavery and imprisonment the terrible weeks dragged on.

Meanwhile, through the burning heat of an Indian summer, a British army was toiling on towards Cawnpore. It was led by General Havelock, as brave a soldier and as good a man as ever lived. Like Cromwell, he taught his men both to fight and to pray, and 'Havelock's Saints' were as well known as Cromwell's Ironsides had been.

When the Nana Sahib heard that they were coming, he made up his mind to complete his work. So he ordered the sepoy to fire upon the women and children through the windows of the Bibigarh. But even the sepoy turned from such cruel work, and they fired upon the roof and did little or no hurt to the women within the house. But the Nana could always find people cruel enough to do his bidding. In the evening five men went into the house armed with long knives. For a little time terrible screams were heard. Then all was still. The men came out, and the bodies of the poor women and children were thrown into a well.

Outside Cawnpore the British met the Indian troops. After a desperate fight the Nana was defeated. His army was scattered, and he, struck at last with terror, galloped wildly away through the darkness, and was seen no more.

It is supposed that he died miserably in the jungle.

The day after the battle the British marched in triumph into Cawnpore. But when they saw the ghastly Bibigarh and the still more ghastly grave of those they had come to save, these war-worn men burst into sobs and wept like children.

These things happily are now long past. An angel guards that once awful spot, and a garden blooms where those poor women died.



## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE MUTINY—LUCKNOW

THE Union Jack floated once more upon the walls of Cawnpore, but there was still much to do ere the Mutiny should be over. 'Soldiers,' said Havelock, 'your general is satisfied, and more than satisfied, with you. But your comrades of Lucknow are in danger.' And with the memory of Cawnpore in their hearts, Havelock and his men marched on to Lucknow.

But Havelock had to fight his way there. He lost so many men and used so much ammunition that at last he was not strong enough to take Lucknow. He was obliged to turn back to Cawnpore and wait until Sir James Outram joined him with more troops. Outram was a gallant soldier, 'without fear and without reproach,' and together these two brave men marched to help their comrades.

At Lucknow the British had taken refuge in the Residency. This was a number of houses and gardens surrounded by a wall. It was not very strong, but it was far better than the old hospital at Cawnpore. Sir Henry Lawrence, the governor, was a wise and careful man. Seeing the storm coming, he did everything he could to meet it. He gathered stores of food and ammunition, and strengthened the defences of the Residency. But alas, at the very beginning of the siege, Sir Henry was killed.

One day a shell burst into the room where he was talking with some of his officers. There was a blinding flash, a fearful roar, and the room was filled with dust and smoke. In the deep silence which followed, some one asked, 'Are you hurt, Sir Henry?'

For a moment there was no answer. Then quietly he replied, 'I am killed.'

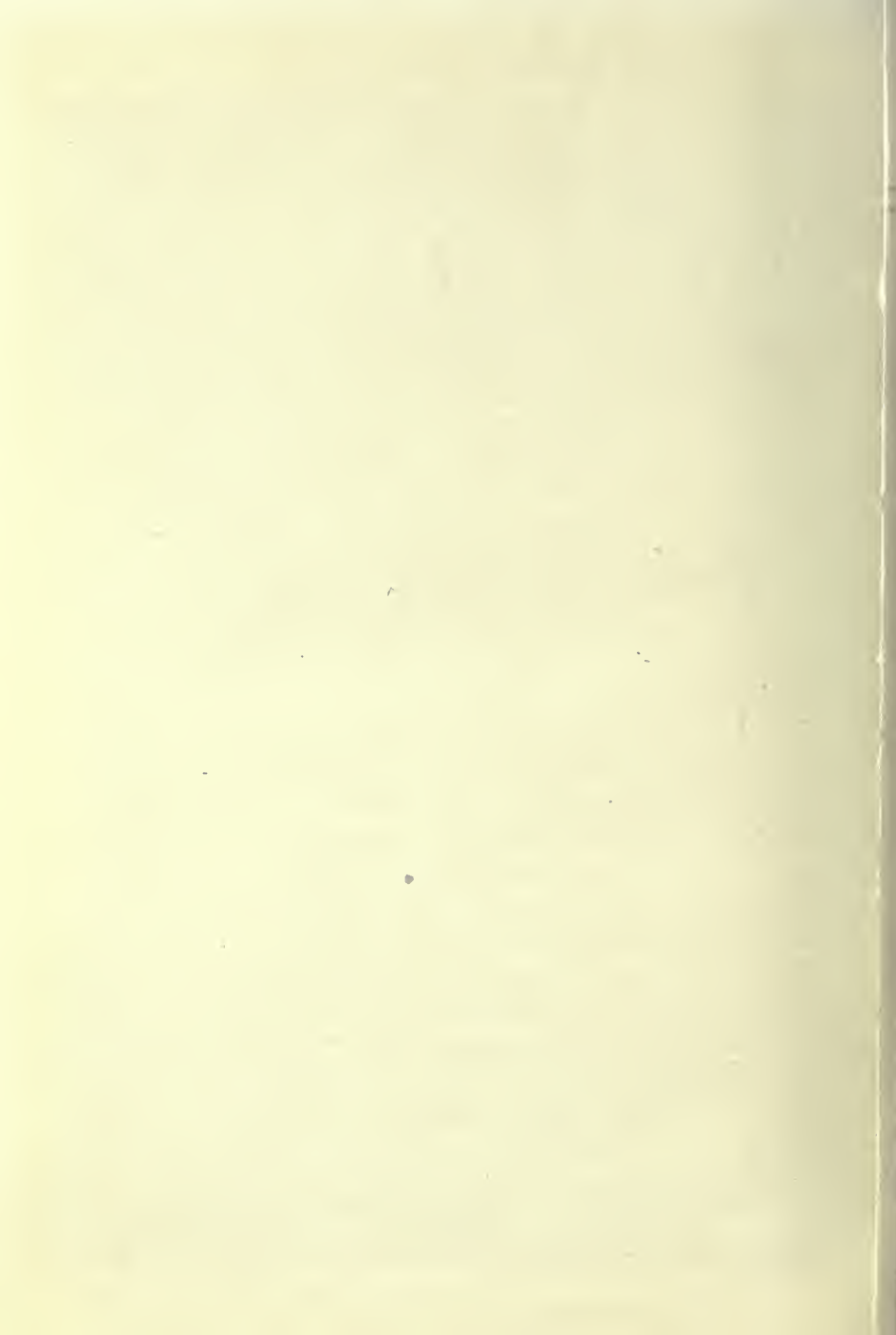
So brave Sir Henry died. 'If you put anything on my tombstone,' he said, 'let it be only, "Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul."' Then with his last breath he urged his men never to give in, but to fight to the end.

The terrible summer days dragged on—days spent amid all the noise and din, dust and smoke of war, nights of anxious watchings, broken with sudden alarms. The houses were shattered and riddled with shot, so as to be scarcely any protection from the burning sun or from the enemies' guns. Food was scarce, clothes were in rags. But still the men fought and watched, and the women prayed and waited, and endured. And like an emblem of their dauntless courage, all through the siege the Union Jack floated from the highest tower of the Residency. It was faded and patched, tattered and riddled with holes, the staff was splintered with bullets, it was broken again and again. But a new staff was always found, and up went the gallant flag once more, a defiance to the foe.

At last one morning, distant firing was heard. As the hours passed the sound came nearer and nearer. Then the garrison knew that at length help was at hand. The excitement and suspense were awful. But there was nothing to be done but to wait. It was not until it was growing dark that amid the clamour of fighting the sound of the British cheer was heard, and louder still,







shrill and piercing, the scream of the bagpipes, and the yell of charging Highlanders. A few minutes more, and British soldiers were seen, fighting their way through the streets to the Residency gates.

Then from the battlements rose a deafening cheer. Such a cry of joy it has not often been man's lot to hear. It was the first cry of returning hope from hearts that had grown hopeless. It was a sob, and a prayer, and an outburst of thanksgiving, all in one. And as the gates were opened, and the men, weary, dusty, bloodstained, rushed through, women sobbing with joy ran to throw themselves upon them, happy to touch their bronzed hands or war-worn coats. With tears running down their cheeks the rough soldiers lifted the children in their arms. From hand to hand they passed the little ones, kissing them and thanking God that they had come in time to save them. It was a scene of wild, sweet joy and almost unutterable relief.

But after all the siege of Lucknow was not over. Havelock and Outram had not men enough with them to cut their way back through the swarms of sepoy, and bring all the ladies and children to safety. So the siege began again. It was not until two months later that Sir Colin Campbell landed in India, and cutting his way through the rebels, really relieved Lucknow.

Scarcely a week later Sir Henry Havelock died. Greatly sorrowing, his men buried him in a garden near the city, his only monument being a tree marked with the letter H.

Before the relief of Lucknow, Delhi had been taken, and now the mutiny was nearly over. There was still some fighting, but gradually it ceased. Lord Canning made a proclamation, offering pardon to all who had not actually murdered the British. Most of the rebels laid

down their arms, and once more the country sank to rest.

It was now decided that India should no longer be ruled by the Company but by the Queen. So the great Company, which had begun in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, came to an end in the reign of Queen Victoria. This was proclaimed to all the people of India on the 1st November 1858. Now, instead of Governor-General, the ruler of India was called Viceroy. And Lord Canning, who had been Governor-General throughout the mutiny, became the first Viceroy.



## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE EMPRESS OF INDIA

IN 1862 Lord Canning sailed home leaving India at peace. All through the mutiny he had been cool and calm. When it was over he would take no wild revenge, and earned for himself the name of Clemency Canning, a name by which we may be glad to remember him, for clemency means mildness or quickness to forgive.

Since the mutiny many things have happened in India, most of which you will understand better, and find more interesting, later on. There have been wars and famines, there have been mistakes and mischances, troubles and trials, but on the whole, the great Empire has been at peace. The native princes have become educated gentlemen, and, in many ways, West and East have been drawn together.

One thing which helped the princes of India and the British crown to become better friends was the visit of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward.

When the native rulers of India heard that our Prince was coming, they prepared to receive him with great honour. When he landed in Calcutta, the whole town blazed with illuminations. Every one held high holiday. There were balls and parties given both by white and by native people. And all through India, wherever he went, the princes and their subjects flocked to do him honour. Native rulers forgot their quarrels

with each other, and joined in welcoming the son of their British Padishah. They brought him splendid presents, and he won their hearts by his kindness and his courtesy. He stayed in their palaces, shot and hunted with them, and when he left, many a prince founded schools or hospitals, or built harbours, in memory of his future Emperor's visit.

All this time, although Queen Victoria had been ruler of India for more than eighteen years, she had never been proclaimed, or taken the title. Now, the year after the visit of the Prince of Wales, that is in 1877, she was proclaimed at Delhi, Empress of India.

To Delhi came the Viceroy, and all the native princes and nobles of India. Princes who before had never seen each other, princes whose forefathers had fought in deadly hatred, now all met together as friends, eager to show their loyalty to their Empress.

Outside the walls of Delhi, on the very ground upon which the British troops had encamped when they besieged the rebels of the mutiny, there now arose a peaceful tented city, brilliant in red and blue and white, flashing and glittering with golden ornament. Upon the ground that had been red with hate and war, where shells had burst, and cannon roared, and a hail of grape-shot scattered death, gold and silver cannon, drawn by white oxen gaily decorated with silken, embroidered cloths, were paraded in the sunshine, and those who had been foes met and greeted each other as friends and brothers. Gay flags fluttered, bands played, elephants and camels with gorgeous trappings paced the long streets of gaudy tents. Princes and people from every part of the great peninsula met and mingled. It was a gay mass of moving colour, of red, and green, and blue, and every-

where in the sunshine, gold and silver and precious stones gleamed and sparkled. It was such a pageant as could be seen only in an eastern land, under an eastern sky.

On the day of the proclamation the sky was cloudless blue. Upon a grassy plain a tented throne was raised. Its silken draperies were embroidered with the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock, entwined with the Lotus flower of India, and over all fluttered the cross of St. George, and the Union Jack.

Here, surrounded by the glittering throng, the Viceroy took his seat, while the band played 'God save the Queen.' He, too, was splendidly dressed, in the robes, ermine trimmed and gold embroidered, of Grand Master of the Order of the Star of India.

When the Viceroy was seated, twelve gaily dressed heralds sounded their trumpets. Then the chief herald in a loud voice read the proclamation, which told to all the winds of heaven that, 'Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith,' should henceforth be known also as Empress of India.

The reading done, the royal standard was raised, cannon thundered a salute, the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' and a deafening cheer broke upon the quiet air, as the people of India acclaimed Victoria, Kaisar-i-Hind.

Two hundred and seventy-seven years before, a few sober London merchants had gathered to discuss the price of pepper, and had resolved to adventure in a voyage to the East. Little did they foresee that from that resolve would grow a great Empire, which should be gradually pieced together, like the parts of a huge puzzle, until nearly the whole of the vast peninsula, which



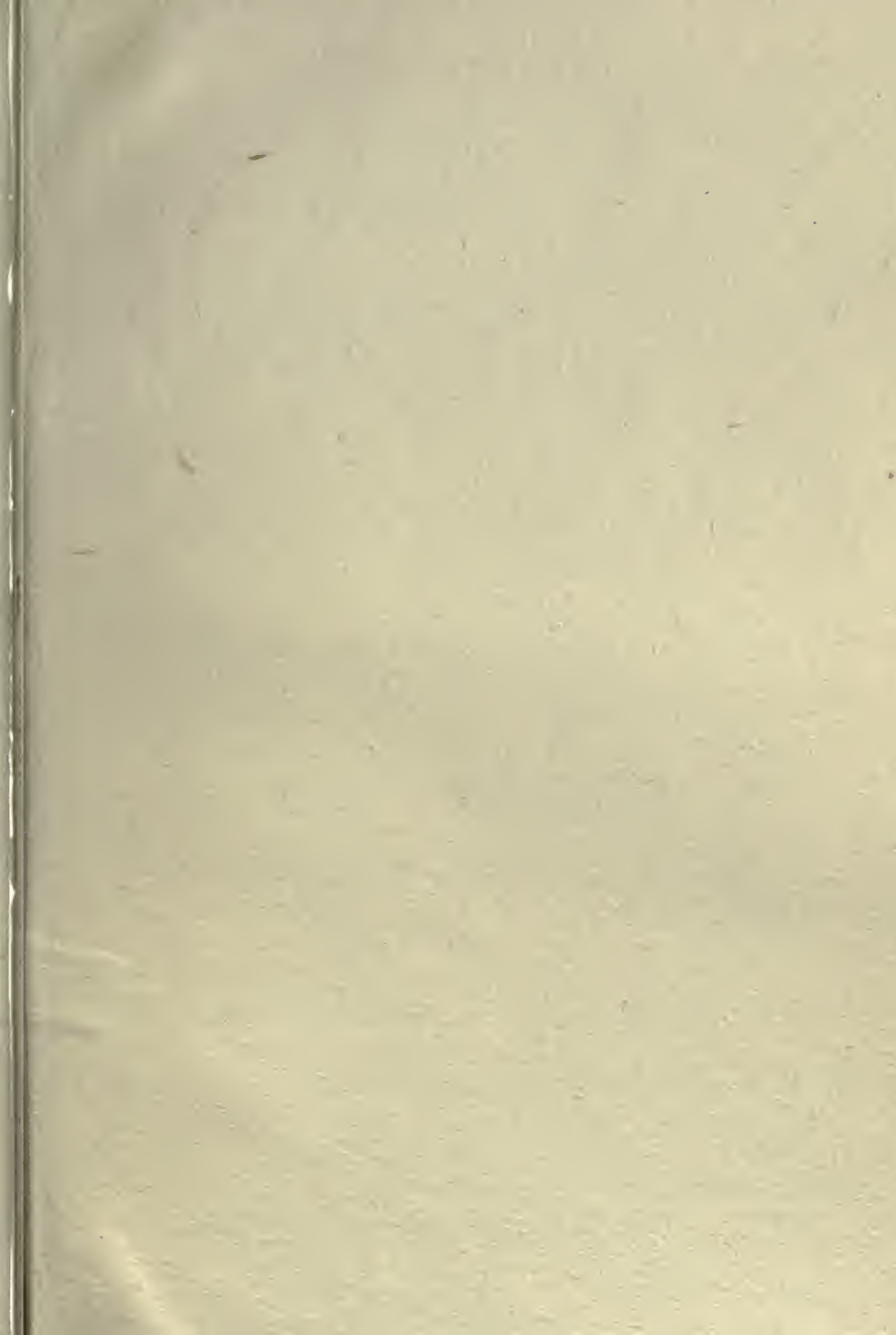
was to them an unknown land, should be brought under the sway of a Queen, to whose power and greatness that of their own good Queen Bess would be as the pale light of the moon to the golden shining of the sun.

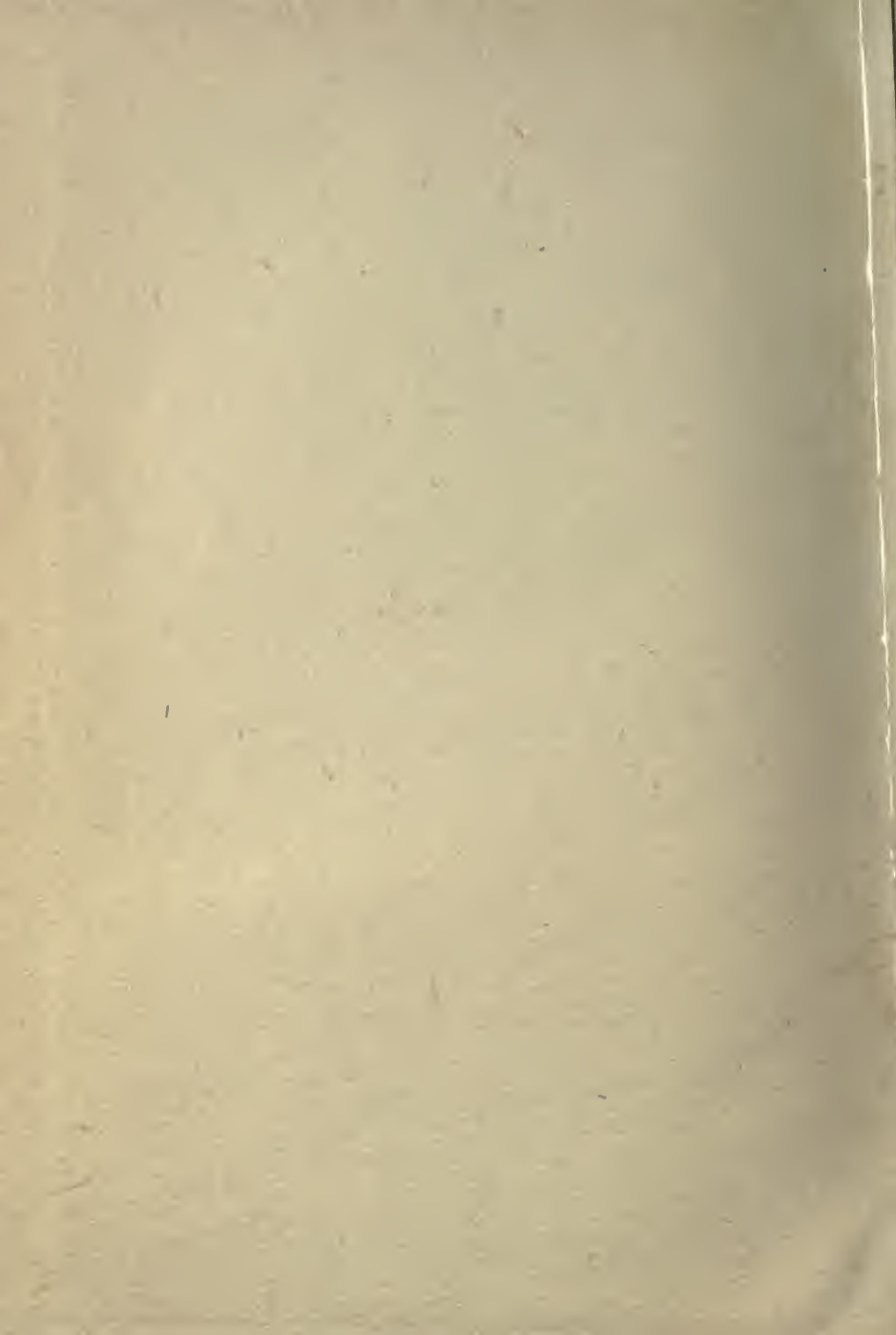
## LIST OF KINGS AND GOVERNORS

RULERS OF BRITAIN.	RULERS OF INDIA.
	<p style="text-align: center;">GOVERNORS-GENERAL.</p>
	<p>Warren Hastings, . . . . 1772 to 1785</p> <p>Sir John Macpherson (tem- porary), . . . . 1785 „ 1786</p> <p>Marquess Cornwallis, . . . 1786 „ 1793</p> <p>Sir John Shore, . . . . 1793 „ 1798</p> <p>Sir Alured Clarke (tem- porary), . . . . 1798</p> <p>Marquess Wellesley, . . . 1798 „ 1805</p> <p>Marquess Cornwallis (second time ten weeks only), . . 1805</p> <p>Sir George Barlow (tem- porary), . . . . 1805 „ 1807</p> <p>Earl of Minto, . . . . 1807 „ 1813</p> <p>Marquess of Hastings, . . . 1813 „ 1823</p> <p>Mr. John Adam (temporary), . 1823</p> <p>Earl Amherst, . . . . 1823 „ 1828</p> <p>Mr. Butterworth Bayley (tem- porary), . . . . 1828</p> <p>Lord William Bentinck, . . 1828 „ 1835</p> <p>Lord Metcalfe, . . . . 1835 „ 1836</p> <p>Earl of Auckland, . . . . 1836 „ 1842</p> <p>Earl of Ellenborough, . . . 1842 „ 1844</p> <p>Viscount Hardinge, . . . . 1844 „ 1848</p> <p>Marquess of Dalhousie, . . . 1848 „ 1856</p> <p>Earl Canning, . . . . 1856 „ 1858</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VICEROYS.</p> <p>Earl Canning, . . . . 1858 „ 1862</p> <p>Earl of Elgin, . . . . 1862 „ 1863</p> <p>Lord Napier of Magdala (tem- porary), . . . . 1863</p> <p>Sir William Denison (tem- porary), . . . . 1863 „ 1864</p>
George III., . . . . 1760	
George IV., . . . . 1820	
William IV., . . . . 1830	
Victoria, . . . . 1837	

RULERS OF BRITAIN.	RULERS OF INDIA.
	Lord Lawrence, . . . . 1864 to 1869 Earl of Mayo, . . . . 1869 „ 1872 Sir John Strachey (temporary), . . . . 1872 Lord Napier of Merchistoun, (temporary), . . . . 1872 Earl of Northbrook, . . . . 1872 „ 1876 Earl of Lytton, . . . . 1876 „ 1880 Marquess of Ripon, . . . . 1880 „ 1884 Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, 1884 „ 1888 Marquess of Lansdowne, . . . . 1888 „ 1894 Earl of Elgin, . . . . 1894 „ 1899
Edward vii., . . . . 1901	Lord Curzon of Kedleston, . 1899 „ 1905
George v., . . . . 1910	Earl of Minto, . . . . 1905 „ 1910 Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, 1910











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